MORATORIUM IN PARIS PETER GEISMAR

THE NATION

DECEMBER 8, 1969 35 cents

UPSALA COLLEGE
LIBRARY
DEC - 5 1969
EAST ORANGE, N. J. 07019

NOVEMBER IN HANOI
WILLIAM MEYERS

POLITICAL SURVEILLANCE
The Invisible Police
JOSEPH R. LUNDY

Open Letter
'DEAR MAYOR LINDSAY'
THEODORE J. LOWI

AMBASSADOR GALBRAITH / Joseph Lelyveld
Dennis Duffy on McLuhan

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

bases of trouble

McHenry, Ill.

DEAR SIRS: Anyone concerned with long-range peace plans must give attention to the world's predictable trouble spots. It would certainly be helpful if we could find permanent solutions for some of our international problems, rather than heaping new on old in unmanageable profusion. To that end, we suggest that the UN consider, develop and adopt a plan by which these predictable trouble spots could come under UN control and be converted from national liabilities into international assets.

We suggest that certain territories be acquired, by deed or long-term lease, by the UN, with the double benefit of removing such territories from international contention and providing the UN with valuable facilities and bases for extended operations. Consider American military installations on Okinawa and at Guantánamo Bay. . . . Both installations are a source of irritation to other governments and to the indigenous population. . . . Both are of declining strategic importance to the United States. In both areas the United States has a large dollar investment. Both present problems of extrication without loss of prestige.

We are not alone in our dilemma; to name one instance, the British have a similar involvement on Gibraltar.

Can the United States, unilaterally or in conjunction with other governments, propose cession of such territories to the UN? Could the UN Charter be revised to permit acquisition of such facilities? . . .

The ultimate usefulness of such sites may be as precinct stations for a permanent UN security force. At the present moment many people all over the world would support the creation of a UN force to deal with two specific crimes: the hijacking of airplanes and the worldwide drug traffic. These crimes should be defined by international law, and an organization adequate to the enforcement of that law, under UN command, should come into being. Many of the jurisdictional and operational problems attendant on the creation of such a force could be solved within this limited context, permitting expansion of the organization to cover other crimes and security threats by further international agreement. *Mary and Charles S. Liebman*

through the veneer

Springfield, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: Your editorial, "Tough Questions" [Nov. 24] . . . cut straight through layers of veneer that conceal the significance of the "educational-industrial complex." As an educator, I had to discover in *The Nation* any incisive analysis of this sinister situation. It is frightening. Please follow it further.

The editorials of *The Nation* are the most penetrating and relevant of any commentaries upon current issues that I have found. *Theodore Brameld, Springfield College*

letter from the ranks

Chu Lai, Vietnam

DEAR SIRS: You did an excellent job of exposing the Marine brig at Camp Pendleton [*The Nation*, Sept. 15]. . . . I have been informed this was also the subject of a feature article in a recent *Life* issue . . . "the boys in Vietnam" were never informed through the newspaper, *Stars and Stripes*.

I would also like to congratulate the two businessmen from my home town, Portland, Ore., on expressing their opposition to the war [editorial, "High-Level Disaffection" by Ralph Friedman, Oct. 20]. With more courageous men like Mr. Vollum and Mr. Kane stating their views publicly, I think President Nixon might have to reconsider his policy in Vietnam. *R. W. Sheets, Jr., PN 3*

EDITORIALS

Giving Up At Paris

It is difficult to understand the encomiums which are being showered on Henry Cabot Lodge as he prepares to leave his post as chief American negotiator in Paris. Lodge adhered to a completely sterile policy on Vietnam; it began in misconception and ended in failure. As envoy to the regime in Saigon which we had set up, he declared that we were "doing here in 1966 what wasn't done against Hitler in the Rhineland in 1936 or in Czechoslovakia in 1938. Thus we will . . . avoid World War III." He was committed to the "no-appeasement" policy, based on a manufactured analogy between Munich and Vietnam.

In Paris he complained that the enemy refused to negotiate because they insisted on American withdrawal as a prerequisite. Lodge wanted Hanoi to withdraw its troops while we were withdrawing ours, but our plan was to leave enormous amounts of materiel in the hands of the South Vietnamese regime, continue to give it logistic and financial support, and provide air power as long as the hostilities required. All of that is tantamount to continuing the war by proxy. The killing would continue, but public opinion at home would be mollified by the reduction of American casualties. Then, according to the Lodge theory, the war would fade away and the United States would have achieved an "honorable" peace. How Mr. Lodge could convince himself that the enemy would acquiesce in such an arrangement is beyond understanding.

Xuan Thuy, the North Vietnamese delegate, contends that Hanoi is ready at any time to meet the United States in private talks aimed at ending the war. Joseph Starobin, former foreign editor of the *Daily Worker* who left the Communist Party in the 1950s and now teaches at a Canadian university, reported recently on a series of talks he had had with his old acquaintance, Xuan Thuy, in Paris. The North Vietnamese, Starobin told Senator Fulbright, would accept "the principle of complete [U.S.] withdrawal" instead of "total and prior withdrawal" and said that they are prepared to "bargain" over the formation of provisional coalition government. This last is the sticking point; we will not negotiate the possibility of a coalition government. We want to negotiate mutual withdrawal. Such a position is the diplomatic equivalent of General Electric's strategy of Boulwarism in dealing with labor unions: set forth your terms and then stick to them.

In view of this rigidity, one might suppose that the resignation of Lodge and his absentee deputy, Lawrence Walsh, is of little moment. Unfortunately it carries considerable significance. President Nixon has indicated that he will not soon appoint a successor to Mr. Lodge. The rationale, of course, is that the Administration is bringing pressure to bear on the North Vietnamese to negotiate and, at the same time, increasing its "options." The difficulty with this argument is that the resignations of Lodge and Walsh indicate that President Nixon is now wholly committed to the strategy of "Vietnamization," but that strategy has been dealt a severe blow by the massacre

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stories and, also, by the accumulating evidence—it was already of mountainous proportions—that the South Vietnamese regime cannot take over now or in the foreseeable future.

The American Conscience

It is improbable that the alleged massacre at Song My ("Pinkville") is all allegation. The version of the South Vietnamese government—that some peasants were accidentally killed by an artillery barrage—may be dismissed out of hand. (To call this a government is blatant flattery. It is a tyranny set up with American aid on a Gargantuan scale; its sole purposes are propaganda and plunder. When it issues a statement, the opposite of what it says is more likely to be true.)

On the other side, we have the testimony not only of Vietnamese who escaped with their lives and who assert that they saw their neighbors and relatives machine-gunned, but also of the American combat veterans who could have no conceivable motive for bearing false witness (at considerable personal risk) against their countrymen. Ronald L. Ridenhour, a former Sp/4, who broke the case, says he is being deluged with "redbaiting, gut-level hate mail."

Ridenhour, however, was not an eyewitness to what occurred; his informant, Sgt. Michael Bernhardt, was. Bernhardt is still in the Army and was told to make no statements while the matter was under investigation. There may have been sound legal reasons for the order, but Bernhardt disobeyed it on grounds of conscience. He asserts that there was indeed a massacre, and that it was deliberate. "It was point-blank murder, and I was standing there watching it," he says. There was no resistance, he saw only three captured weapons, and the detachment accused of the shooting—Charlie Company, First Battalion, 11th Brigade, 20th Infantry Division—had suffered no casualties at the time, although they had taken heavy losses in that area previously. He did not see a single male of military age—"only old papasans, women and kids."

Then there are the photographs of the slain, taken by Ronald L. Haeberle, a former Army cameraman. Haeberle tells the same story as Bernhardt, and adds such items as this: "There were two small children, a very young boy and a smaller boy, maybe 4 or 5 years old. A guy with an M-16 fired at them, at the first boy, and an older boy went over to protect the smaller boy. The GI fired some more shots with a tracer, and the tip somehow seemed to be still burning the boy's flesh. Then they fired six more shots and just let them lie." There is also the eyewitness account of Paul Meadlo of Indiana, now out of service, who was interviewed on *CBS News* by Mike Wallace.

If these stories are true, the Americans involved behaved with an on-the-spot savagery that exceeded even that of the Germans at Lidice in World War II. The Nazis wiped out the village, shot all the men, and dragged the women and children off to concentration camps.

The reaction of the counsel for one of the accused soldiers is also reminiscent of Nazi reasoning. "It would have

IN THIS ISSUE

December 8, 1969

EDITORIALS

618

ARTICLES

622 November in Hanoi — *William Meyers*

624 Open Letter: "Dear Mayor Lindsay" — *Theodore J. Lowi*

627 The Moratorium in Paris — *Peter Geismar*

629 Political Surveillance: The Invisible Police — *Joseph R. Lundy*

632 The Biggest Dump: Pollution Goes Underground — *David M. Evans*

635 Co-ops on Campus: The Militant Consumers — *Barbara W. Newell*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

637 Galbraith: Ambassador's Journal — *Joseph Lelyveld*

638 McLuhan: Counterblast — *Dennis Duffy*

638 Limit (poem) — *Betty Adcock*

640 Coover: Pricksongs & Descants; Howe: Forty Whacks — *Shaun O'Connell*

641 Dennis: Operational Thinking for Survival — *Frederick L. Schuman*

642 Theatre — *Harold Clurman*

646 Art — *Lawrence Alloway*

646 Looking into my Granddaughter's Eyes (poem) — *Carl Rakosi*

Publisher
JAMES J. STORROW JR.

Associate Publisher
GIFFORD PHILLIPS

Editor
CAREY McWILLIAMS

Associate Editor
PHIL KERBY

Executive Editor
ROBERT HATCH

Literary Editor
BEVERLY GROSS

Copy Editor, MARION HESS; Poetry Editor, ALLEN PLANZ; Theatre, HAROLD CLURMAN; Art, LAWRENCE ALLOWAY; Music, DAVID HAMILTON; Science, CARL DREHER; Advertising Manager, MARY SIMON.

Editorial Associate, ERNEST GRUENING

Washington, ROBERT G. SHERRILL; London, RAYMOND WILLIAMS; Paris, CLAUDE BOURDET; Bonn, C. AMERY; Canberra, C. P. FITZGERALD; UN, ANNE TUCKERMAN.

The Nation is published each week (except for the omission of four issues) by the Nation Company and copyright 1969 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014. Tel: CH 2-8400. West Coast office: 825 South Barrington Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif. 90049. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing office. **Address all manuscripts and editorial correspondence to the New York office.**

Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give five weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

NATION *Volume 209*
No. 20

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been better for the U.S. if these men had never been charged," this lawyer said to Barry Cunningham, a *New York Post* reporter. "These kinds of incidents give our enemies something to seize upon. I regret to see our country prosecute its own people for trying to carry out a mission and win a war." In short, anything goes.

The one redeeming feature of the Song My mission, insofar as one can judge at this stage, is that American GIs have come forward with their accusations. Commissioned officers have been silent. In the case of the documented story by Daniel Lang of the kidnapping, rape and murder of a Vietnamese girl, carried by *The New Yorker* and now out in book form, a GI was likewise the accuser. The commissioned officers told him to lay off: "You can't buck the system."

The Army has responded as it usually does when confronted with a major scandal. Lieutenant Calley will be given a general court-martial on charges of premeditated murder. Selecting a lower echelon officer to take the rap for the top brass is, of course, standard operating procedure in the Army. At the same time, the Pentagon has ordered Lieut. Gen. William R. Peers to investigate the facts anew—and also to determine what went wrong with the earlier investigation, ordered by Secretary Laird, which resulted in a whitewash. The argument will now be made that nothing further should be done pending the outcome of these proceedings. But that will not hold water. The public has lost confidence in proceedings by which the Army investigates itself, and notably so in this instance where it tried to cover up the massacre when it occurred.

Unless there is a full-scale *public* hearing by a Congressional committee, preferably a special joint committee, and failing that some committee other than Armed Services (Senate or House), another whitewash, as in the Green Beret case, is predictable. A public hearing can be held without prejudice to Calley's rights. Those portions of the evidence referring to him can be taken in Executive session or the committee can simply investigate "around" Calley's participation. But a public hearing is mandatory. Nothing less will suffice. For not only soldiers —and the Army—are on trial but the American conscience as well, and the nation and the world will be watching.

Never Mind the Experts

Having issued a stern warning to *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post* for their anti-Nixon bias, Vice President Agnew should next direct his attention to *The Wall Street Journal,* which all too often goes in for the kind of article that must make painful reading in the White House.

Take, for instance, Alan L. Otten's column of November 12. Through the efforts of Rep. Sidney Yates (D., Ill.) Otten got hold of the full record of President Nixon's "SST Ad Hoc Review Committee," a body of high-ranking men from twelve federal agencies, with Under Secretary of Transportation James Beggs in overall charge. The twelve divided themselves into four subcommittees, deliberated intensively, and sent in their reports, which were notably pessimistic on the future of the SST. For instance, the subcommittee studying environmental impact stressed not only previously discussed problems of sonic boom and noise but delved into hazards to passengers and crew from rapid acceleration, gravitational changes, increased ionizing radiation, reduced barometric pressure, temperature changes, aircraft vibration, etc.

But when Beggs wrote his summation, it had little to do with the views the panel had given him. For instance, he conceded that the hazards cited by the environmental subcommittee were "potentially serious," but added on his own, "They are largely known, and can be carefullv examined, and a decision made to avoid them."

Beggs's summation was so far at variance with the panels' reports that some of the members protested forcibly. For instance, Lee DuBridge, the Presidential science adviser, complained that Beggs's conclusions do not "adequately reflect the range of uncertainties and generally negative character of the panel reports and committee discussions as I understand them."

The upshot was that the full committee was again convened and it was agreed that since no consensus was possible the entire voluminous record should be sent to the President. Mr. Nixon thereupon asked Congress for $96 million of new money to start construction of two SST prototypes. Challenged by Representative Yates to explain how Mr. Nixon could have arrived at this decision in view of the task-force findings, Mr. Beggs said blandly that the Ad Hoc Committee report was "the least definitive and most outdated of all the documents furnished to the President by the Transportation Department."

To imagine that the President actually studied the whole record would be plain silly. As usual, he made his decision on political grounds, for which Mr. Beggs provided the necessary backing. Everything else was ignored. Otten wonders how often this happens. More often than not, one may suspect.

USIA's Quickie

What Vice President Agnew means by his philippics against the press is quite clearly shown by the film, *The Silent Majority*, which was rushed into production by the United States Information Agency and sent to 104 foreign countries. Agnew wants the Nixon Administration, for which he speaks, to be in a position to make unimpeded propaganda for its policies. Critics will be free to agree or remain silent. If they say anything disagreeable, they will be blasted by Agnew, that master of devastating prose.

The Silent Majority is naked propaganda diaphanously clothed to make its message a little less blatant. It is a film follow-up of President Nixon's "Silent Majority" address on Vietnam, with the secondary purpose of neutralizing the impact abroad of the November 15 moratorium demonstration at the Washington Monument (even its detractors admit that it was the biggest event of its kind in American history). The film alluded to the demonstration but showed only a small section of the crowd as background for a USIA commentator who quoted "some

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

observers" as saying that the demonstrators were speaking only for a minority. The "silent majority" was represented by about ten spectators looking on skeptically.

Another actor was Hubert Humphrey, in a clip which showed him chatting with newsmen after his meeting with the President. Mr. Humphrey was roped into expressing approval, only slightly qualified, for Mr. Nixon's Vietnamese policy. Still another actor was George Gallup, who explained that the public, by a ratio of 6 to 1, thinks that moratoriums and demonstrations do more harm than good. Asked whether this came as a surprise, Mr. Gallup said no: the public has never favored immediate and total withdrawal, nor have they favored all-out escalation.

But unquoted was a recent Louis Harris survey which shows a relatively narrow difference between those who approve of the demonstrations and those who do not. Nor was Gallup asked about his November 12 poll which carried his conclusion that: "The extent to which the public's views on the Vietnam War have changed over the last two years is dramatically seen in the shift from the 'hawk' to the 'dove' position since 1967." In December 1967 hawks outnumbered doves 52 to 33 per cent; in the November 12 poll, the reverse is shown: doves outnumbered hawks 55 to 31 per cent. The USIA may contend that the film was a "quickie" put together to counter the effect of the demonstrations, but the agency, which had little credibility before, has less now.

Last came the President himself, declaring that he would be untrue to his oath of office if he allowed himself to be dictated to by the minority who hold a view contrary to that of the "silent majority" and who "try to impose it on the nation by mounting demonstrations in the street."

The Silent Majority has a basic English sound track, but has also been dubbed into Spanish, French, Portuguese, Vietnamese, Arabic, Korean, Tagalog, Indonesian and the Mandarin dialect of Chinese. Why not Greek? There is a country that really knows what it means to be a silent majority.

Going Armed

The recent report on crime of the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence was no doubt meant to shock, and it does. If present trends continue, it says, cities will be divided into "places of terror" and "fortresses." Central business districts will be fairly well protected by crowds during the day, but at night will become lonely caverns, except for an occasional prowl car. High rise apartments and residential compounds will be protected by private guards and security devices, and will be, in effect, fortified cells for the upper-income groups. Suburban neighborhoods will be protected to some extent by economic homogeneity and by distance from areas with high crime propensities. The well-to-do will leave their guarded compounds in the city and travel to work in armored vehicles through "sanitized corridors," and radical groups will possess "tremendous armories of weapons."

The ownership of guns will be "almost universal" in the suburbs; homes will be protected by an array of devices, from window grills to electronic surveillance equipment. Private automobiles, taxicabs and commercial vehicles will be routinely equipped with bulletproof glass, light armor and other security features; armed guards will ride "shotgun" on all forms of public transportation, and so on and on.

The Commission wanted, of course, to paint as chilling a picture as the facts would warrant, in order to emphasize the urgency of some of its recommendations for needed urban reform and social action. It is fully aware that the necessary funds are not likely to be forthcoming at once because of "other obligations"—read Vietnam, SST, moon shots, defense spending, etc.—so it suggests that the commitments and authorizations should be made now, and the money allocated on that bright day when funds might be available. In the meantime, however, there is a danger that the report will turn attention away from the causes of violence and toward a fetishistic pursuit of private security measures which in turn increase the fear of violence.

A few days before the Commission's report was issued, *The New York Times* carried a report on the boom market for guard dogs and, of course, the sale of guns has been increasing for some years. The trouble with guard dogs and guns is that both endanger the security of the home. Firearms in small shops, for example, are seldom used to ward off robbers. In the home, they account for a very high percentage of homicides, which are the result not of attempted robberies but of family rows. A well-trained guard dog is a lethal weapon. One expert is quoted as saying: "I equate a fully trained attack dog in the house with leaving a loaded cocked pistol on the kitchen table." Not so many years ago, a Doberman watchdog in New Jersey tore his mistress to bits. And only recently a police dog, through a mix-up of signals, nearly killed a policeman in Washington, D.C.

In fact many of the methods by which individuals seek private protection, through defense measures of one kind or another, turn out to be counter-productive. If a criminal wants to commit a crime, the chances are he will commit it. Guns and dogs will not necessarily deter him, nor will armored vehicles or electronic devices. On the other hand, the obsession with private security augments the fear of violence which, if it continues unabated, could trigger a repressive political movement of major magnitude. In the end, perhaps, the common sense of the citizenry will breed a reaction to the current preoccupation with personal security, very much as it finally produced a sharp reaction against the idea of building private bomb shelters. The more home owners think about the problem, the more likely they are to conclude that buying a gun or a guard dog may create more hazards than it would avert.

Minority of One

Those full-page ads urging the nation to rally round President Nixon and support his "Vietnamization" of the war—200 have appeared thus far, 120 more will appear—were paid for by the Texas tycoon H. Ross Perot (Electronic Data Systems, Dallas), at an estimated $200,000 for each run, and not by the nickels and dimes of "the silent majority," as you might have imagined.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOVEMBER IN HANOI

WILLIAM MEYERS
Mr. Meyers is a New York attorney and businessman.

Some weeks ago, I received an invitation from the Jurists' Association of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam to visit their country—a trip that was for me a logical extension of an activity started a long time ago. Back in 1964, I knew little about the country that in 1969 I was preparing to visit. During the fall of that year, I had worked diligently for the election of Johnson, or was it the defeat of Goldwater? It is hard to believe today that I knew so little about the Gulf of Tonkin incident, which had occurred three months before that election. More than a year later, at the end of 1965, I was asked to help organize a Congressional Conference on Vietnam, to be held in Washington on January 21 and 22, 1966. Eight Congressmen and a group of experts and scholars met to analyze the current situation and prepare proposals for a negotiated settlement of the war. It was at this conference that I first began to understand the problems of Vietnam. However, it was not at all clear then, although it perhaps should have been, how soon and how seriously the deteriorating situation would bring disaster to our people.

The best way I knew of doing something to correct this situation was in my capacity as a lawyer. Late in February of 1965, I joined the Lawyers Committee on American Policy Toward Vietnam. It had issued a Memorandum of Law entitled "American Policy Vis-à-Vis Vietnam," a well-documented paper which concluded that the actions of the United States in Vietnam contravened essential provisions of the United Nations Charter; violated the Geneva Accords, which we had pledged to observe; were not sanctioned by the treaty creating the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization, and violated our own Constitution.

In August 1967, I participated in a conference on Vietnam held in Stockholm where I met with several representatives of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam and the National Liberation Front. The bombing of the North, which had begun in February 1965, was causing untold destruction of life and property. The situation in the South was just as serious. I could not mistake the grim determination of these people to fight to their last man, if necessary, to achieve their independence.

I again met with several members of the DRV and the NLF in July 1968 at the First World Jurists' Conference on Vietnam, held in Grenoble. The bombing of the North was still going on, although President Johnson had talked of stopping it earlier that year. The determination was as evident and as grim as it had been a year earlier.

In October of 1969, on my way to Hanoi, I stopped off at Paris to obtain visas for Cambodia and North Vietnam. During a short stay there, I called on Col. Ha Ban Lau, Mr. Xuan Thuy's deputy negotiator for the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, and several members of his staff. We had an extensive discussion of the present situation in Vietnam. The determination of the Vietnamese was as strong as ever, but it was no longer as grim. A new buoyancy seemed to sustain them. Could it be that liberation was finally within reach?

My next stop was at Phnom Penh, Cambodia, where I had to arrange for a visa to Laos. While there, I spoke with Hanoi's ambassador to Cambodia. Again, I sensed a new element of confidence, indicating a belief that their freedom was obtainable in the very near future.

Four lakes and many interesting streets and buildings give the impression that Hanoi must once have been a beautiful city. The war has taken its toll and the need for repair as well as paint is very much in evidence. The man-size shelters stuck in the ground are not at all pretty, particularly now that many of them are partly filled with stagnant water and debris. On the other hand, the countryside is exquisite. It looks like all those porcelain vases and silk screens come to life; the jagged mountains rising from the mists, the black water buffalo in the lily-padded ponds. Amidst all this beauty, however, are the craters, repulsive reminders of American intrusion.

Except for a two-day trip to the province of Thanh Hoa, about 100 miles to the south of Hanoi, I spent most of my time in the capital, where I met many government officials. I had the privilege of talking for several hours with Premier Pham Van Dong. Here are some of my impressions of the point of view in Hanoi.

Fifteen years of battle against the American aggressor is no more than a moment, as compared to the twenty-two centuries in the life of the Vietnamese people as one nation. That is the source of their determination to fight on as long as need be to rid themselves of the oppressor. The Americans, they are convinced, will be forced to leave, as were the Chinese, the Japanese and the French before them. "Nothing is more precious than independence and freedom." Those words of Ho Chi Minh are never taken lightly.

That new spirit of confidence which I had observed in Paris and Phnom Penh was evident everywhere in the city and in the province of Thanh Hoa. It was best expressed by Premier Pham Van Dong:

> The more we fight, the higher our spirits, the more we are united. In the process of the war, our people have grown materially and politically. Our capacity has increased in many ways since the war started. At the same time, the U.S. faces a crisis such as it has never seen before. We have the capacity to intensify the war until it ends victoriously.

Nguyen Khoc Vien, editor of the twenty-two volume *Vietnamese Studies*, detailed the progress of his people. He said: "Although we are industrially less developed than was the United States at the time of George Washington, we have beaten your Mr. McNamara and your generals with all their modern weaponry." Minister of Trade Phan Anh, repeatedly expressed that new spirit: "We have built up much more than you destroyed. Our living standards are still low, but we are doing far better than before the war."

Here then is a country that has become stronger through fighting a long and difficult war. During the pe-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

riod of the bombings in the North from 1965-68, students at the university level increased from 50,000 to 70,000. Students below that level increased from 3.5 million to 4 million; illiteracy almost disappeared.

Major medical operations, hitherto possible only in the cities, can now be handled in each of 400 districts as well; the number of doctors has increased by 20 per cent. Malaria, cholera, yellow fever and smallpox have been eliminated. Measles, influenza and whooping cough have been brought under control. Rice production has increased, and crops have become varied. Factories have been dispersed to almost impregnable caves, forests and grottoes. Inflation does not exist because wages and prices have been held stable.

The North Vietnamese believe that their overall military situation is greatly improved. Instance after instance was cited to prove the inability of the ARVN forces to fight; why should they kill fellow Vietnamese, when they have been conscripted against their will? The men who talked to me said that American forces, cornered in a completely defensive strategy, are now largely confined to three cities, Danang, Hue and Saigon. In these cities they have set up three defenses, each of which has been penetrated. Moreover, within all three cities are strong forces of the NLF. Many instances of bombardment in the North are documented daily, despite the so-called cessation in August 1968, and the fury of the air war continues unabated in the South. Toxic gases and defoliants are used frequently. Those with whom I spoke are convinced that President Nixon still seeks a battlefield victory.

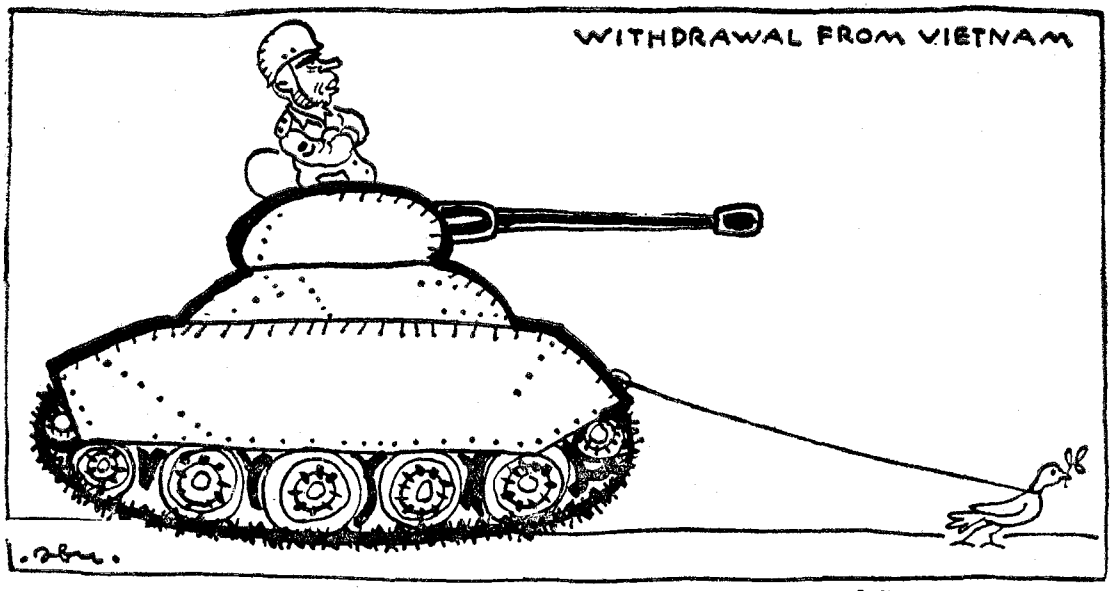
New strength to resist the American will has grown in the cities of the South from the "Alliance of Forces and Democracy," which has drawn to its ranks landowners, bourgeoisie, professional people and intellectuals. New leaders are beginning to challenge the Ky-Thieu-Khiem regime—Dran Van Don, Tran Ngoc Lien, Big Minh and Thich Pri Quag. Whether they become a third force or not depends on the extent to which the United States intervenes. However, the National Liberation Front thinks of them as possibilities for setting up a true coalition.

The spokesmen for the North believe that Saigon is also in a desperate economic plight. In many instances, prices have risen more than 100 per cent. Taxation has become so unbearable that the Saigon legislature has asked for the dismissal of several cabinet members. Black markets exist everywhere.

The Nixon speech of November 3 was brought up repeatedly in my conversations. His "Vietnamization" notion was taken as clear indication that he proposes to stay in Vietnam indefinitely, at the level of the "Special War" of 1960-65. He is trying to impose the Thieu government on the Vietnamese, and that government cannot last without American troops behind it. His "lull" is only a trick to capture American and world opinion—to convince some that the capacity of the Provisional Revolutionary Government (composed of the NLF and its allies) and the Democratic Republic of Vietnam has lessened, and to convince others that the United States has seriously de-escalated. Neither is true. Nixon never negotiated nor does he intend to do so now. He is searching for a victory through war, even if it means continuing to force Vietnamese to kill Vietnamese. His concept of the United States as an international gendarme is a violation of international law, preventing self-determination for people everywhere. And in Vietnam, they believe, it must fail, because the Vietnamese will continue to fight, and step up the fight if that is necessary to achieve their unity.

Nixon's prophecy of reprisals is, to them, another pretext for continuing the war by appealing to the emotions of the American people. The program of the PRG provides for a coalition government which will include all political viewpoints and social strata. The South will need such a government to establish social peace and to rebuild the country. Only such a program can bring reconciliation and security. Hatred is for the aggressors, not for the Vietnamese. The policy of the PRG favors the establishment of a broad national front. After twenty-five years of war such a coalition is essential.

The history of reprisals as given by Nixon is denounced as another distortion. In 1954, the North carried out a program against reprisals as ordered by Ho Chi Minh in



Indian Express (New Delhi)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Decree No. 218, dated October 1, 1954. I spoke to one of the signers of this decree, Minister of Justice Vu Dinh Hoe whose job it was to implement it. Few if any reprisals, he said, took place in the North. The situation in the South is another matter. The U.S. Government and its puppets, Diem and others through the years, provide good examples of what Nixon means by reprisals. Look, they say, at what happens to the villages of South Vietnam every day of every week.

The North Vietnamese leaders and their people have a grace and charm that are unusual attributes in a people who have suffered so much and so long. Their loyalty to Ho Chi Minh stemmed from love not compulsion, and I am convinced that their affection extends to the present Premier as well. They are much more charitable toward Americans than we have a right to expect.

I wish them peace, for when they have achieved it, we shall be able to heal our own wounds at home.

OPEN LETTER

'DEAR MAYOR LINDSAY'

THEODORE J. LOWI

Mr. Lowi, though now a professor of political science at the University of Chicago, has been watching New York mayors for years. He is author of At the Pleasure of the Mayor: Patronage and Power in New York City, 1898-1958 *(Free Press); his most recent work is* The End of Liberalism *(Norton).*

Mayor John V. Lindsay
City Hall
New York, N.Y.

Chicago

Your Honor: Congratulations on your stunning victory. I am proud to have been one of your early supporters. But I suppose I am fundamentally a typical citizen—I am never happy with the candidates I support. They never seem to understand that they are supposed to confirm quite specifically my reasons for supporting them.

This letter is an effort to catch you before you have read too many wrong meanings into your victory. I have had nightmares since November 4, imagining the consequences for New York and for urban life in this country if you come to the conclusion that your victory was (*1*) a personal one; (*2*) a triumph of fusion; (*3*) a triumph of liberalism over reaction; (*4*) a triumph of brilliant campaign tactics and strategies. Any one or a combination of such conclusions could easily lead to disaster as you plot out the next four years.

Lest your feelings be hurt and you refuse to read further, let me concede immediately that each of the four factors made some modest contribution to your victory. As an old and professional mayor watcher I can say that you are indeed a rare personality. It is just that personalities account only for marginal shifts in mass opinion. Obviously it was a brilliant campaign, but I need hardly call to your attention the help you got from the disastrous ineptitudes of your adversaries. And for a man who has suffered four years of office, I need hardly take the trouble of belittling the strength of liberalism in our time, whether we consider it as a mass movement or as a specific organization called fusion.

If you accept any one or more of these four explanations for your victory, you will all too likely continue to behave as though the solution to the problems of the cities is a matter of personal will, good intentions and cooperation among sincere and like-minded people. That would be a disaster. And worse, you might then tend to overlook the fifth reason for your victory. Without a complete awareness of number 5, you will continue to misunderstand the character of your own enemies. You will also fail to capitalize fully on your own resources. Explanation (*5*) is bureaucracy. It is a force that no mayor or campaign manager can create, but it can break and has in the past broken all the best intentions of office seekers and officeholders. It was probably the most important of all the factors in your election, and it will certainly be the most important in your future.

After the New York mayoral election of 1961, I observed that it would some day come to be seen as one of the most significant elections in American urban history. Deprived of the Democratic machine, Mayor Wagner created a "new machine" in the bureaucracies of New York City. It is not necessary to replay in detail the character of both his campaign organization and his administration. In brief, his City Council President had previously been Commissioner of Sanitation, following a lifetime career as a worker in the Department of Sanitation. His Comptroller, who is now your Comptroller, had been a career budget official and Director of the Budget Bureau. Major figures in his campaign organization and administration included one very popular Fire Commissioner and one very popular former Police Commissioner. It also included leaders of two union-based parties, the Liberal Party and the Brotherhood Party, which was formed just for the 1961 campaign. Within his top cadre were represented at least three large bureaucracies that are organized along precinct lines—fire, sanitation and police—and several unions with profound organizational relationships to large masses of city civil servants.

This pattern of organization was basic to Wagner's important victory in 1961—against odds only a little less formidable than yours in 1969. And his campaign organization had a great influence on the character of his 1961-65 administration. That helps to explain the unbelievable stalemate that characterized those four years, a stalemate he handed over to your administration when it began in 1966. Little wonder that your first crises involved you in (*1*) a major strike that Wagner had been completely incapable of handling because of the special

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conflict of interest that developed between himself and many of the strike leaders who had been instrumental in his re-election; and (*2*) the crisis of governmental incapacity that must have been responsible for your impressive but ineffectual efforts to shake up existing bureaucracies by setting up such new parent organizations as the Department of Human Resources.

But here's the rub. In 1969, you turned to a similar pattern of organization. So did most of the other candidates in the primaries, of course. (It is ironic that Wagner was the only major candidate in either major primary in 1969 who tried to revert to the "outside" route through electoral leaders and traditional constituency organizations.) It has been observed that your loss of the Republican nomination was the luckiest thing that happened to you in 1969, but you are only half the man I think you are if you do not now have the feeling of "out of the frying pan, into the fire."

You are now a man without a party. And you will soon discover, as fusionist mayors have discovered in the past, that the fusion base is woefully evanescent. Whatever happened, for example, to those store-front plans of yours? You will also discover—indeed you must know it already—that the Liberal Party is not a party but a front for some of the most oligarchic interests in the city. This is not to suggest bereavement for loss of the Republican Party; it is only to suggest the emptiness of your situation despite the extraordinarily effective organization you and Mr. Aurelio created for campaign purposes.

You are left with nothing but your bureaucracies. You are supposed to be their chief executive, yet you must depend upon them for your own political power. Unfortunately they do not have your interests at heart. Still more unfortunately, you may already have been captured; but none of us, least of all you, can know this until it is too late to do anything about it.

Your top administration is now composed of two bureaucrats. It is said that Inspector Garelik was an outsider among cops, but don't you believe it. Among the Irish he was an outsider, just as any Irish cop would be an outsider among Jewish cops, but that is merely at the ethnic level of police reality. There is also a professional and organizational reality which all career policemen have shared and continue to share. Urban crises have certainly led them to disagree more intensely with one another, and that in turn has led them to seek representation in each of the contending political movements of 1969. But below that is the reality of their unity when it comes to defense of the organization as such. Check the police Review Board issue of the past five years as a case in point. The police bureaucracy is an avidly sought-after resource, and one can always find contenders as well as sycophants where power is at stake. But one must always ask the old political question, just who is expropriating whom? The answer usually depends upon who last forgot to ask the question.

There are more than 32,000 cops in the city, and as many as half of them do essentially bureaucratic work, serving the other half and looking to the tasks of maintaining the organization. Their popularity is unusually low in the general community these days, but that tends to make them internally more unified than ever, to an extent not witnessed since the occasions in the old machine days when they were caught with their hands in the till. I would imagine there is even greater police solidarity today, because the unpopularity is less clearly justifiable.

With Inspector Garelik you will always have to live with the question of whose interests he is zealously serving—yours or those he picked up during his thirty-year career. But with your Comptroller, you are still worse off. At least Inspector Garelik will make every effort to behave as your deputy, despite the fact that he was independently elected. Comptrollers, in contrast, almost all have been notorious for their independence of the mayor in the history of New York. That has frequently been the case even when mayor and comptroller were of the same party. Even then, the comptroller was always from some county and some county organization other than that of the mayor, and there was always some kind of hell to pay. But now you have yourself a man who owes you nothing but enmity, who has ambitions utterly and completely contrary to yours, who is just as imbued with public spirit, who is just as convinced that he represents it, and who has a few resources you do not have: (*1*) He holds fewer purse strings, but he holds them tighter than do you. (*2*) Because of his career in Budget, and because he has the special bureaucratic temperament that never fails to ingratiate other bureaucrats, he can open doors to bureaucratic support that were never opened to you —and will be more firmly closed against you as you turn toward a more revolutionary rhetoric.

So, you have built your new machine out of many ele-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ments, but the most lasting ones are the pieces of the bureaucracy. It includes some top, bureaucratically recruited commissioners. It includes leaders of unions that have an immense stake in the city and an especially large share of control in such bureaucracies as sanitation, transit, housing and education. (For a real machine, check out DeLury's Sanitationmen's union. According to former Tammany leader Ed Costikyan, DeLury has a current file on every member and every deceased member's widow, arranged by assembly district and election district. When they wanted leaflet coverage, old-time party organizations could never guarantee more than 50 per cent; the Sanitationmen can get 100 per cent. This organization can be had by reformers for campaign purposes—it was instrumental for Wagner in 1961; how about you in 1969?) Finally, your new machine includes what some have called the liberal establishment; but when the casuals have gone back to their separate pursuits you will find that the real muscle there is the major newspapers, that the newspapers are reformist in the pre-modern sense, and that this means to them that any attack on the city bureaucracies is an attack on themselves.

Who, then, is expropriating whom? Do not be the last to ask the question.

I fear that you are not asking it now, and that you will certainly not ask it very frequently if you have become convinced that your victory rests only upon the first four explanations identified above. There is thus reasonable ground for fear that you will ultimately be expropriated by the bureaucracies. The result of that can easily be foreseen by taking a look at the last four years of the Wagner administration.

Bureaucracies exert a prodigious resistance to change. That does not mean that they are do-nothings or McKinley Republicans. Quite the contrary. It does mean that a bureaucracy, for all its efficiency, has no capacity to evaluate the consequences of its own actions or to plan for its actions against the actions of other bureaucracies. So the recent history of New York has been a combination of (*1*) dynamic stalemate, which prevents two or more bureaucracies from doing some desirable thing because they cannot get together in a common cause—for example, air pollution, water pollution, poverty, discrimination—and (*2*) elephantiasis, whereby one bureaucracy enjoying popularity or no opposition can attain its goals with little or no regard for other equally desirable goals —such as the extensive campaign some years ago for off-street parking in the midst of transit disaster.

Can a man of your immense capacity and considerable popularity counterbalance these historic organizational tendencies? I doubt it. And my doubts lead me to fear for the Republic. My fears were strong that you would lose in November because then there would have been even less hope for New York City. But even in the few days since your victory, my fears are rekindling because there are indications that you lean toward accepting the fourfold explanation of your victory and accept it as the basis of your power. My fear is based upon a single concept you have used on several occasions: home rule. You evoked it during the campaign, but of course one never believes anything anybody says during campaigns. But you have mentioned it since your election, and of course one believes almost anything candidates say after victory. Nothing you could say about abandoning your party, or destroying the two parties, or creating a new party, or doing without parties altogether could chill me nearly so much as those horrible words, home rule.

Home rule implies that you intend to face New York City all alone. You ask for more money as though more money will overcome the organizational flaws from which the city now suffers. Even if federal and state subventions were trebled, they would not go into your personal account. They would ultimately land in the accounts of the major bureaucracies, and these organizations have an immense power of discretion to do as their profession requires rather than as their mayor might dictate.

Home rule also implies that you feel that the sources of the city's problems lie within the boundaries of the city. It suggests that an independent city welfare system will solve the problem of poverty and its consequences in the city. Or, that a city can by itself and in isolation from its suburbs ever deal equitably with public education. From either of these two ills, or from housing shortages, employment discrimination, pollution or anything else, the city will die if it remains legally isolated from its environs.

If you wish to do something revolutionary, you first must revolutionize your own thinking. You must obviously quit depending on terribly old-fashioned notions, like efficiency and home rule, and you must also look toward things over which you might have some control. Otherwise, your revolutionary rhetoric only raises expectations with the prospect of dashing them.

As I look over the array of forces in your city (or in any other city) I am forced to conclude that the only truly revolutionary thing you could do is admit that the city is simply incapable of dealing with problems such as those just mentioned. Consider the advantages of this manner of thinking. Certainly the office of mayor and the legal instruments of the city are things over which you have a great deal of control—far more control indeed than you have over any neighborhood, any union or any economic pattern. If you offer to alter them or even to give them up in any significant amount, you must admit that, whether you like the results or not, it is revolutionary. If, beyond admitting that the city all alone is ungovernable, you then proceed to arrangements that are governable, for the city and for yourself, you would certainly guarantee your place in the history books. I sincerely hope this will appeal to you; it is so rare for a dynamic politician to offer to give up power.

In conclusion, then, it seems to me that such an admission would lead you, and you in turn would lead us, to direct identification of the problems we face and to a free-wheeling, supra-bureaucratic and supra-corporate approach to these problems. It would free you, in other words, to seek the proper level for each problem. Having recognized, for example, that the suburbs are parasites upon the city, you might, once you have admitted that the city is ungovernable, lead a fight to establish school districts and housing districts that would cut across all pre-existing boundaries—cut across the state lines of New

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

York and into the real New York metropolitan area—but which would be organized along socially meaningful lines. Once you recognized that the city is ungovernable, you would be able to lead a true march on Washington for purposes of developing welfare districts that are of the size of the OPA districts and that supersede on welfare matters all the corporate districts within the larger district. You would then also be able to seek autonomy for districts far smaller than a city or borough, but they would be meaningful districts and not merely governmental ratification of the *status quo*.

This, Your Honor, is a revolution. What you promise for us in your prospect for home rule and for jousting with your bureaucracies, is near abdication.

Respectfully yours,
Theodore J. Lowi

THE MORATORIUM IN PARIS

PETER GEISMAR
Mr. Geismar, who has a doctorate in French history, is writing a biography of Frantz Fanon.

Paris

The Communist Party and a number of smaller leftist organizations had decided to use the moratorium observances of November 15 to test the reactionary policies of Pompidou's government. During the peace weekend, certain major features of the Fifth Republic's political physiognomy became clear once again. Pompidou, that smaller model of de Gaulle, showed his cleverness and strength—at least in tactics. The large Communist Party was revealed anew as an opposition so loyal as to be dutiful. The political sophistication and solidarity of the French youth was more than ever evident.

The moratorium gave Pompidou his first chance to try out the techniques of counterrevolution developed after May 1968. They worked. As part of the reversal of Gaullist foreign policy, to help rebuild Franco-American amity, the President forbade all political rallies within the city during the November 15 weekend. Nevertheless, the Communist Party went ahead with plans to mobilize 100,000 for a march through the center of the city from Les Halles to the Bastille. On November 14, the government put into action its latest anti-riot plans. Thousands of Compagnie Républicaine de Sécurité (CRS), the state police, using army equipment, were brought into the city to cooperate with the gendarmerie already there. By Friday almost 500 police were guarding the American Embassy and adjacent buildings. On Friday afternoon, when U.S. citizens began to gather outside, the CRS put into effect its most daunting method of crowd control. The embassy allowed only ten protesters inside the gates; the rest were quietly walking about outside. They all had to keep moving; anyone who stood still could expect to be arrested. As soon as a small group of Americans came together, the CRS would charge into it, grab one or two, rough them up in front of the others and haul them off to the waiting vans. The plainly visible beatings were an effective method of intimidation. The police announced that forty Americans were arrested between 2 and 4 P.M. It was probably somewhat higher.

Meanwhile, huge numbers of police were being dispersed to central points throughout the city for the real show the next day. At Place Blanche, near Pigalle, where I live, fifty CRS spent the night in their trucks. I could make no attempt to count the CRS in and around the Latin Quarter, which is not one of the city's political hot spots. Saturday morning, all over Paris, the government went into action.

Where the boulevards cross at Alesia, on the southern border of Paris, *Le Monde* reported: "All the passers-by younger than 30 were systematically put into police vans, and young people on motorbikes were asked to get off them; leave them there; and get into the vans."

Students from the Cité Universitaire might pass through Alesia coming into the center of the city. The official explanation for the mass arrests was that it was necessary to make "identity checks."

Anyone at all who tried to cross from the Left Bank of the Seine near Boulevard Saint-Michel, in the student quarter, received the same police hospitality. At other check points, in all the large *places*, the CRS was more selective, arresting according to dress and length of hair. By noon, all the subway stops near Les Halles were closed; and this old market area was blocked off by hundreds of army trucks and CRS carrying rifles. Still, groups of students were making their way to the neighborhood, and to the Bastille.

It has been rumored in the past that the Communist Party made secret agreements with the police when they marched. The CRS has seemed to give the C.P. militants clear passage when they do parade, even when demonstrations have been forbidden by the government. Now it appeared that the party had been negotiating with the police (the government) up to November 15, but with no success; Pompidou would not compromise. So, on the eve word went out to party members, a large percentage of the workers in Paris, that the demonstration had been canceled. The war in Vietnam wasn't that important; the Communists—more accurately the old men running the party—had no desire to confront the government on the issue; there might have been violence. Saturday morning, students and other leftists prepared for the demonstration with no knowledge of the C.P. retreat; *L'Humanité* had been urging participation right up through Friday.

I went to Les Halles Saturday afternoon to see how the government's counterinsurgency plans would work against 100,000 workers. Naturally, they weren't there (one can at least commend the party for its quick and efficient system of secret communication), and the police had very little trouble with the students who did make it

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the old market area. The CRS always outnumbered the leftists and the fighting was very uneven; I was arrested trying to get away from one such encounter. I was beaten up a bit, to impress the others, then thrown into an army truck already packed with demonstrators and innocent passers-by. We waited about an hour, in darkness with no air and no room. Nursing our wounds, we began to talk. It happened to be my birthday, and at 31 I was the oldest prisoner in the truck. There was a pleasant sense of community within the van, each one asking about the injuries of the others. At one point they sang me happy birthday.

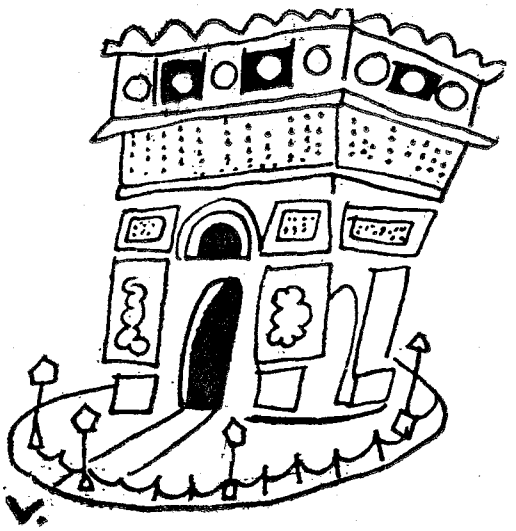
The first stop was the *préfecture* of the first *arrondissement*, where already several hundred prisoners were gathered in the open courtyard; they welcomed us with cheers. The crowd was full of spirit; there were continual songs and chants; the police became nervous and called in the water cannons. They were never used.

The authorities slowly emptied the courtyard, vans taking the prisoners to Beaujon for questioning. By 6 in the evening that center was filled to capacity; my group had to be taken out of Paris to the Fort de Vincennes which has been made over into a political concentration camp. We were left there in another police van for two hours. One prisoner had *Le Monde*, which he began reading out loud to the van, adding his own political comment. Then the Maoists started making fun of the Trotskyites, and vice versa. Nobody mentioned the Communist Party and when I brought it up a student turned to me and said, "Isn't that Pompidou's party?" There was a young Englishman in the truck who described his adventures. He had been teaching at Berlitz that day and didn't even know a demonstration was scheduled in the neighborhood of the school. He left work at about 3 P.M. and a CRS kicked him in the leg; he turned around ready to fight "the bugger"; another grabbed him by the collar; a third helped carry him off to the truck. It was only in the van that he learned why he'd been arrested. He intended to go to the next anti-government demonstration even if it meant missing work.

Le Monde wrote afterward: "The police chased demonstrators, but also others completely outside of the demonstration." That they caught a number of both variety was evident from a night of conversations at Vincennes.

At 9:30 in the evening we were finally thrown into a huge open courtyard; most of us had been under arrest for six hours. The men were lucky; they could urinate against the walls; no facilities were offered to the many young women. During the night, one of the older female prisoners fainted from cold and exhaustion; the police let other prisoners carry her inside.

The hours of the night were lightened by the sustained high spirits and humor of the crowd. Everyone was chanting and singing. "*Ce n'est qu'un début; la lutte continue.*" "*FLN vaincera.*" "*Néexan Assassin.*" They sang the *Internationale*. Walking around the courtyard, I was amused to note that many of those from earlier conversations I knew were not part of the demonstration were yelling loudest. The Berlitz professor had lost all of his British reserve. The humor was mostly at the expense of the CRS agent patrolling the wall above us. At the beginning, each time that he reached the part of the wall



in front of the crowd there were insults; and he would spit in reply. As the night wore on he seemed to run out of saliva, and the crowd became more inventive. At one point when he was pacing the rampart 500 voices would simultaneously shout "boom" each time his foot hit the walk. He was embarrassed; his gait faltered; he could hardly walk. Then the crowd was yelling, "Oh, he smiled. Oh, he smiled. Oh, he smiled."

Infantile disorders of the Left? Yes, in a sense. But most of those I spoke to had been arrested two or three times before. They'd all been beaten up. They were cynical, but also tough; completely unafraid of the government or its police. Outside of the order of things. It was nice to see people sharing their last cigarettes; giving up overcoats to those more painfully injured; able to joke about political differences in the face of a common enemy. The "innocent" people were impressed by the student radicals.

At 3 A.M., the police called for all of those under 18 years of age in the courtyard; I'd guess 10 per cent of the prisoners were in that classification. Later in the morning the rest of us were processed, photographed and questioned. Nobody that I heard would give any kind of straight answer to the questioners; it was always:

Were you in the demonstration?
What demonstration?
What do you do?
Nothing.
Where's your student card?
I lost it. Etc.

The youths knew just how much identification they had to produce and what they had to answer to stay out of jail. They were professionals. Young ones.

At 5:30 A.M. I was released with about twenty others from the fort. We started to walk toward Paris through the large Parc de Vincennes. The twenty of us thought we were alone until the first car passed us; its bright lights lit up ahead a solid line of freed demonstrators and freed innocent bystanders, trudging off to the distant city. The official figures were 2,600 arrested; it had seemed to me that there were many more than that at Vincennes alone.

I think of it as one of my better birthdays.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE INVISIBLE POLICE

JOSEPH R. LUNDY
Mr. Lundy is legislative assistant to Congressman Abner J. Mikva of Illinois. He has written previously on police use of undercover agents for the George Washington Law Review.

Washington

Direct police infiltration of political groups is no longer merely a hypothetical possibility in America. The increasing use of police spies and undercover agents may have put us on the way to America's first experience with "political police."

Developments to date in the conspiracy trial of the Chicago 8 show that the government is relying almost entirely on evidence gathered by police undercover agents. Louis Salzberg, a newspaper photographer who, *The New York Times* stated, "had become a regular fixture at radical gatherings in New York City," revealed that he had been a paid informer of the FBI since 1967. A few days later, William Frapolly, a member of the Chicago Police Department since 1966, described how he had enrolled at Northeast Illinois State College, where he joined the SDS, the Student Mobilization Committee and the Chicago Peace Council. Earlier in the trial, Officer Robert L. Pierson repeated testimony he had given last year to the House Un-American Activities Committee, to the effect that he had infiltrated the Youth International Party in order to monitor its plans to disrupt the Democratic National Convention.

Spies and undercover agents are nothing new in law enforcement. For years, the Bureau of Narcotics has used undercover agents to solicit sales from pushers. The FBI's best-known undercover operative was Herbert Philbrick, whose *I Led Three Lives* was a best seller during the early 1950s; but the Bureau has employed the technique in other cases. A *New York Times* report in early 1966 indicated that the FBI had infiltrated the Ku Klux Klan hierarchy "to the Cabinet level." In August of 1967, FBI undercover operative Herbert Itkin was revealed as the key figure in exposure of James Marcus' underworld contacts in New York City. In March 1968, seven Minutemen were arrested for conspiring to hold up four Spokane banks, the evidence being provided by an FBI secret agent.

If the undercover agent has been an occasional convenience in cases of conspiracy, he has been a regular fixture of the FBI's war on organized crime. Herbert Itkin had worked within the New York Mafia for several years before he was "surfaced" in order to provide testimony against Marcus. A Boston businessman, Charles W. Grinnel, has related in *The Saturday Evening Post* how he volunteered to spy on Mafia representatives who approached him in connection with the "juice," or usurious loan, racket.

If Americans have tolerated police use of spies and agents, especially in cases of organized crime or consensual offenses which present difficult problems of proof, they have never been happy about it. In 1798, Rep. Edward Livingston expressed to the House of Representatives of the Fifth Congress his revulsion against a practice which immigrants from the continent had learned to fear. "The system of espionage being thus established, the country will swarm with informers, spies, delators, and all the odious reptile tribe that breed in the sunshine of despotic power. The hours of most unsuspected confidence, the intimacies of friendship or the recesses of domestic retirement, will afford no security."

This unfortunate European tradition reached what was probably its fullest flower under the despotisms of Adolf Hitler and Joseph Stalin. Allen Dulles, former director of Central Intelligence, was convinced that "it can't happen here." In *The Craft of Intelligence,* he wrote: "Our Government in its very nature—and our open society in all its instincts under the Constitution and the Bill of Rights—automatically outlaws intelligence organizations of the kind that have developed in police states." Recent examples of police reliance on secret agents raise doubts that the Constitution's protections are quite as "automatic" as Mr. Dulles thought.

The variety of clandestine investigative techniques employed by the police has always been considerable, but never as great as it is today, when science and technology have increased tenfold the possibilities of snooping. Wire tapping, the most feared, or at least the most widely recognized, has recently been brought under the supervision of the Fourth Amendment's ban on unreasonable searches and seizures. Theoretically, after the rulings in *Berger* v. *New York* (1967) and *Katz* v. *United States* (1967), wire tapping is subject to all the requirements of a judicial warrant that have always applied to more traditional forms of search and seizure. What about secret agents?

Police secret agents may be distinguished roughly by what function they perform, at whose initiative they work, and what kind of accompanying gadgetry they carry. A fourth distinguishing factor, and a crucial one, seems to have been little considered by the courts—the kind of alleged criminal activity being investigated.

Informers are the best-known type of police secret operative. Working on their own, they need not be, and often are not, full-time informants. Informers usually live on the fringes of crime, and can readily provide useful information in return for small police favors, protection or guarantees against harassment. The Supreme Court has given some constitutional sanction to their use by carving out an "informer's privilege" as an exception to the rule that police must divulge the sources of information on which "probable cause" for arrest is based. On the other hand, the Court has said that if divulgence of an informer's identity is necessary to guarantee a defendant's fair trial, as opposed merely to proving probable cause for his arrest, that identity must be revealed.

Informers are among the most innocuous of the secret agents, for they work on their own, usually do nothing

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

beyond mere information gathering, and carry no concealed transmitters or recorders. In the same category can be placed plea bargainers, known in England as "approvers," who supply information to the police by turning state's evidence once they are in custody.

Decoys and stool pigeons are used by the police, usually at an officer's initiative, to lure would-be criminals into action. To the extent that the decoy does not provoke the crime, or implant a criminal intent in the suspect's mind, his activities have been uncensured. When the agent, whether an outsider working at police instigation or a member of some official law-enforcement organization, strays over the line and stimulates some other person to commit a crime, the courts have protected the object of such provocation under the theory of "entrapment." Difficult as the distinction may be between an already present intent and one implanted from outside, the defense of entrapment does provide some protection against the wiles of the *agent provocateur*. Its deterrent effect on police resort to secret agents, however, has been minimal.

The types of police secret agents that seem to have been most recently in vogue, and with whom we should be most concerned, are the spy and the undercover agent. A spy is a non-policeman who is hired, targeted, trained, managed and paid by the police to gather information about some target group. The undercover agent performs the same function, but is himself a police officer who has assumed a "cover" identity. Such spy or undercover agent may have several functions, which can be best discussed in a review of the Supreme Court's evolving attitude toward such persons.

The Supreme Court first dealt with the secret agent problem in the case of *Gouled* v. *United States* in 1921. A government secret agent had gained access to the defendant's office by misrepresenting his identity and later, while the defendant was out of the room, had searched his desk and papers. The Court, equating entry by force and by deceit, held that a search where access was obtained by deception was barred by the Fourth Amendment's ban against unreasonable searches and seizures.

More recent cases have often involved the use of electronic devices. In 1952, the Court held that a miniaturized transmitter carried by a government spy, which enabled a narcotics agent stationed nearby to monitor the defendant's criminal proposition, did not violate the Fourth Amendment. A more difficult case was presented in 1963 when a government agent carried a miniature recorder to preserve for evidence the defendant's bribe offer. Here again, the Court approved, although it can be argued that the decision does not really apply to secret agent situations because the defendant knew that the person to whom he was offering the bribe was a law-enforcement official. Finally, in 1966, the Court approved the FBI's seeking approval from a federal judge before sending an agent to record a bribe offer in the case of James Hoffa. As in the 1963 decision, however, the FBI agent was not "secret," in the sense that he did nothing to conceal his identity.

It was not until 1966 that the Supreme Court reviewed two cases involving secret agents, unaccompanied by electronic devices, who merely infiltrated, listened, and reported. In *Hoffa* v. *United States* and *Lewis* v. *United States,* the Court decided that using unwired undercover agents for information gathering was not "*per se* unconstitutional." On the other hand, Justice Stewart, writing for a majority of four Justices in *Hoffa,* cautioned that "this is not to say that a secret government agent is to the slightest degree more free from all relevant constitutional restrictions than is any other government agent." What is included in "all relevant constitutional restrictions" the Court did not feel compelled to say.

The *Lewis* case involved a situation which has become commonplace in modern law enforcement—use of an undercover agent to buy narcotics from a suspect. Aside from the government agent's telephone offer to buy narcotics and consummation of the sale in the defendant's home, the officer's conduct was innocuous. Lewis, the defendant, did not even raise the question of entrapment. The combination of a serious crime, the agent's neutral behavior, the absence of socially useful activity which might be discouraged by the undercover technique, and the difficulty of procuring evidence of "selling crimes," all make it likely that the *Lewis* precedent will stand for years to come—at least until some alternative approach is found to the problems of narcotics addiction.

The *Hoffa* decision rests on far shakier ground. In the first place, only seven Justices participated in the decision —and only four concurred in approving the government's use of a former friend of Hoffa, who had recently been released from jail and infiltrated Hoffa's coterie, as an undercover agent. Chief Justice Warren dissented vigorously from the four majority Justices, arguing that the Court's supervisory power over federal courts allowed it to control such use of secret agents by the federal agencies, even if the practice was not unconstitutional.

Most significant, the *Hoffa* case involved a crime—jury tampering—which, like narcotics peddling, would be extremely difficult to prove without undercover investigative activity. Moreover, it is difficult to conceive of any socially useful activity which Hoffa could claim might be discouraged by the use of secret agents in jury tampering cases. In this respect, jury tampering is like narcotics peddling, prostitution, gambling or other consensual or sumptuary crimes.

What is most disappointing about the opinion of the four-Justice majority in *Hoffa* is its failure to deal forthrightly with the competing social interests involved in police use of undercover agents in a free society. Perhaps it was too early to anticipate the widespread use of police spies and undercover agents in the peace movement, the anti-war/anti-draft movement, and even the civil rights movement. (This kind of use, Norman Mailer noted in *Armies of the Night,* is "now accepted as a chronic joke" by participants in New Left politics.) But certainly the Court's overconceptualistic approach was unsatisfactory.

The *Hoffa* majority based its decision primarily on the "assumption of risk" or "misplaced confidence" argument. "Assumption of risk" is a phrase borrowed from the law of torts. But the first requirement of "assumption of risk" in torts is that the assumer should have had an accurate knowledge of the nature of the risk he was taking, and taken it anyway. In a secret agent case, by defini-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion, the target individual does *not* know the nature of the risk. If Justice Stewart meant to say that the defendant waives the right to protection of his privacy when he "agrees" to deal with a secret agent, there is a similar conflict with previous Court decisions requiring that waivers of constitutional rights be knowing, intelligent and specific.

What Justice Stewart and his three colleagues in the *Hoffa* majority obviously believed, whether they said so or not, was that regardless of the apparent unfairness of using secret agents to gather evidence of crime, these agents are necessary *in some circumstances,* that their use *in certain cases* is itself of benefit to society. The fact that secret agents are *sometimes* necessary and do serve *some* useful purposes does not, however, mean that they should always be allowed. That is undoubtedly what Justice Stewart meant by saying that "all relevant constitutional restrictions" apply to police spies and undercover agents. But by failing to specify those situations in which secret agents *would* violate the protections of the Fourth Amendment, the Court has left the field wide open for infiltration of political and quasi-political groups by Red Squads, Congressional investigators and secret agents of all kinds.

It is not easy to measure how great a threat police secret agents present to the traditional American values of free speech and free political debate. Lack of information on the extent of police use of undercover agents, reluctance of law-enforcement officials to discuss their clandestine operations, and the absence of publicity about and recorded public reaction to police spies have combined to frustrate the balancing of conflicting social interests. But the balancing process is necessary, for when the Court decides that one must "assume the risk" of speaking, not, as one supposes, to a friend, relative or business associate, but to a secret government agent, it takes a position whose implications endanger the essence of a free society.

Application of the Fourth Amendment to secret agents who move into political groups would not ban their use elsewhere. It would not, if the Court chose so to limit its decision, affect their infiltration of such nonpolitical activities as dope peddling, gambling or prostitution. Nor would it even absolutely preclude their use against groups which call themselves political, but which are actually aimed at violence, destruction of property, or other illegal activity. The Fourth Amendment's ban is only against "unreasonable" searches and seizures. But the determination of when a search is reasonable is one which the Constitution wisely leaves not to the police but to a neutral judicial officer. Thus the issue is not that secret agents should never be used against groups which claim to be political; it is *who shall decide* when such use is appropriate. That decision should rest with a court, not with a policeman.

The Supreme Court is not alone in having avoided the difficult problems of secret agents in a free society. State legislatures and Congress, as well as police agencies at all levels of government, have done little to provide guidelines. In fact, it could be argued on the basis of past experience with judicial warrant procedures that even when the warrant requirement is in effect, it offers minimal protection. Moreover, any judicial guidelines for the use of

police spies will inevitably require elaboration in state rules of criminal procedure or police administrative regulations. Thus Supreme Court action would be only a first step to protect sensitive First Amendment activities against police espionage.

The examples noted earlier of secret police operations in political contexts are only a few of many which could be cited. In recent years the training of Americans in military and civilian intelligence agencies has made sophisticated agents, formerly confined almost exclusively to the FBI, available to police departments at state and local levels. The existence of "special investigation" units in state and local law-enforcement agencies was documented by the Organized Crime Task Force of the President's Commission on Law Enforcement and Administration of Justice. It noted that in 1966 there were "effective intelligence programs" in only a handful of jurisdictions. How many *in*effective programs exist, the Task Force report did not say. Activities of the Chicago, New York, San Francisco and Los Angeles city police departments, as well as the New York County department, are discussed briefly in the report.

The extent of police "intelligence" operations cannot be precisely documented. A survey of such activity, made for the President's Crime Commission by Prof. G. Robert Blakey and entitled *Local Law Enforcement Response to Organized Crime*, has been suppressed by the Justice Department, despite specific requests that it be made public. A report in the February *Chicago Journalism Review* indicated that in Chicago, at least, the police intelligence unit is active enough to keep under surveillance a member of the City Council—a member who also happens to be black.

Former FBI agent William Turner has noted how hard

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it is to assure unbiased use of police undercover agents, especially in a time of growing political activism among police officers. "Every department of any size has what is variously called a Subversive Squad, an Intelligence Unit, or a Red Squad. With their jurisdiction tenuously hinged on archaic state anti-radical syndicalist or anti-anarchy laws, or no law at all, they constantly pry into the public and private activities of Communists and Socialists, liberals and intellectuals, beatniks and peaceniks, et al., while ignoring the subversive menace from the right."

Senators Hart of Michigan and Long of Missouri said in dissenting from the Senate Judiciary Committee's report on the Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act that "traditional military intelligence has furnished [to local law-enforcement agencies] both the vocabulary and the tools by which it wages constant war upon [organized crime]. Almost every metropolitan police department and almost every major State has a bureau engaged exclusively in the collection of criminal—and political—intelligence. It was particularly interesting to find that these bureaus had no direct responsibility to investigate any specific crimes." The Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act specifically authorized federal money and FBI technical assistance to local police departments to develop "special" investigative capabilities.

The New York Times reported recently that the Justice Department has begun its program of assisting local law-enforcement agencies by demonstrating "tiny electronic listening devices [and] undercover agents. . . ." Ironically, the officials to whom these new techniques were being demonstrated were from the South, an area which may not need instruction in undercover techniques. In 1964 the Subversives Unit of the Alabama Department of Public Safety was reported to be secretly compiling dossiers on civil rights workers, including some officials of the Justice Department's Civil Rights Division.

More information on the extent of police use of secret agents against various types of alleged illegal activity is the first requirement. It is no coincidence that the Supreme Court's decision to bring wire tapping within the protection of the Fourth Amendment followed shortly after revelation of the extent of government wire tapping and the public's increasing fear of it. The necessary information could come through legislative inquiries, through administrative reviews brought about by political pressure on mayors and governors, and through tough-minded journalistic investigating. Once the extent of the practice is known, some hard decisions will have to be made—by courts, by legislatures and by the mayors and governors who ultimately control the police.

As Norman Mailer said, the infiltration of political groups by police secret agents had become, in 1968, a chronic joke. In a country whose traditions include what Justice Brandeis called "the opportunity to discuss freely supposed grievances and proposed remedies," and which continues to pride itself on unfettered political exchange, it is not a very funny joke.

THE BIGGEST DUMP

POLLUTION GOES UNDERGROUND

DAVID M. EVANS

Mr. Evans, a geological engineer with the Colorado School of Mines, is the scientist who traced the cause of hundreds of small earthquakes in the Denver area to the pumping of waste into a deep disposal well.

A few years ago, cyanide, oozing from the ground, was found in the Buffalo, N.Y., drinking water. Recently, a well on the shore of Lake Erie blew out and spewed 150,000 gallons of stinking paper-mill waste into the lake every day for three weeks. Last July, the front yard of the James A. Lowe family in Wichita, Kan., puffed up, split open, and spilled tons of salt-saturated water. The walls of the Lowe home settled and cracked; lawn and flowers were killed.

If you still think of old oaken buckets and crystal pools at the mention of wells or bubbling springs, you might be surprised to know that near Denver, Colo., a farmer named Jesse Powers has a well that produces the weed killer 2,4-D. And Powers has a neighbor who discovered his well was flowing anti-knock gasoline when a visitor flipped a lighted match into a cabbage patch he was irrigating. In Ponca City, Okla., there are springs that flow oil. This is not too unusual in oil-producing Oklahoma, but these springs are different: the oil is refined motor oil—and some of the springs are in people's basements.

We hear a lot these days about pollution: smog in the cities; dead fish in the lakes and rivers; poisons in food, and a silence of birds in the land. As yet, we have heard little about pollution of the earth beneath our feet—but we should and will. As laws are passed to clean up the air and water, government agencies and industry are turning to the earth itself as the next great dumping ground. Pollution experts say there is more room for dumping underground than in all the surface waters of the land. If they have their way, the earth will become a garbage pit larger than all the Great Lakes, the Hudson, Mississippi and Columbia Rivers, plus all the rest of our lakes, rivers and streams combined.

To dispose of liquid industrial waste in this new dump, you drill a hole to a salt-water bearing rock layer, cement watertight pipe in the well and pump the poisons away. The dumpers point out that oil companies have pumped billions of gallons of salt water, produced with the oil, back into the ground. There are 30,000 such disposal wells in Texas alone, but this solution to a disposal

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

problem has not been as successful as some people think. The spectacle of brine erupting from disposal projects has been compared to that of Norris Geyser Basin in Yellowstone National Park. L. G. McMillion, an official of the Texas Water Commission, warns that "A very large number of water wells, including wells in municipal fields (city water wells) have been affected by brine contamination." He says that in vast areas of north and west central Texas the fresh water is deteriorating and farmland is getting salty.

Most of Texas' salt-water disposal problems are out in cattle country. In contrast, industrial disposal wells will be located at factories near cities, where they will add to the already serious problem of underground pollution. The situation today in northern Illinois (around Chicago) is typical of that in many U.S. urban areas. There, streams and shallow underground waters are contaminated by surface dumping, land fill and sewage. Then, as fresh water is pumped from deeper formations for city and farm use, polluted water from the shallow zones is sucked along natural cracks and crevices into the fresh-water formations. Also, natural salt water, from deeper zones, moves up into the fresh-water formation. J. E. Hackett, ground water geologist with the Illinois Geological Survey says: "The problem is one of continuing deterioration of ground water quality over all or large parts of the urban region. It may proceed unrecognized until there is considerable and possible irreparable damage." That is the present state of affairs. One hesitates to picture what it will be like when hundreds, perhaps thousands, of disposal wells are pumping poisonous wastes into underground salt waters.

How poisonous are disposal well wastes liable to be? Dr. Don L. Warner of the Federal Water Pollution Control Administration (FWPCA) answers that waste can be considered suitable for deep-well injection when it is toxic "or otherwise highly objectionable and cannot readily be treated or disposed of in other ways." Some of the wastes now being pumped underground today are steel pickling liquors, cyanides, carbolic acid, radioactive wastes and organic chemical poisons from the drug and insecticide industries. Often several different chemical combinations are dumped into the same well. The 2,4-D pumped from Jesse Powers' well was not dumped in that form. It was produced spontaneously from various chemicals collected in disposal ponds by the nearby U.S. Army Rocky Mountain Arsenal. The grass in Powers' meadow died; so did his beet crop. The cows aborted and lost their calves. Many of the young pigs and some of the registered heifer calves died. If waste chemicals reacted to form new poisons in the holding ponds of the Rocky Mountain arsenal, chemicals pumped into disposal wells might react similarly.

In 1967, the FWPCA published a list of the known industrial disposal wells in the United States. From one or two wells in 1950, the number had climbed to 110. By 1968, 114 wells were in service and another thirty-six were being constructed. How do they perform? A check of their published histories reveals that 14 per cent of the wells were shut down or suffered "failures" in the first few years of operation. Half of the failures were due to corroded or collapsed pipe in the shafts. Some wells were abandoned when the chemical wastes plugged the disposal zones.

If at least 14 per cent of all disposal wells are going to fail after the first few years of operation, this may not prove as cheap a method of waste disposal as had been hoped. Certainly, the record should create some doubt that disposal wells will, as claimed, keep their poisons locked up "for all eternity."

One well was shut down when I proved that it had triggered hundreds of earthquakes in the Denver area. After admitting that it was responsible for poisoning the water beneath 4,000 acres of farmland (including Mr. Powers' fields and pastures), the Army drilled a 12,040-foot-deep disposal well at the Rocky Mountain arsenal. Waste injection began in March 1962, and the following month Denver suffered the first earthquake it had felt since 1882.

In November 1965 I pointed out that the 710 small earthquakes recorded up to that time correlated with the volumes of fluid pumped into the arsenal well. Periods of high injection resulted in many quakes; low pumping rates resulted in fewer earthquakes. When injection pressures were doubled, the number of earthquakes doubled. All earthquakes originated near the well.

Since the history of salt water disposal in the oil fields indicates that deep well disposal is not foolproof and since 14 per cent of reported industrial disposal wells have failed in the first few years of operation, it may seem surprising that anyone could continue to recommend this technique. And it may seem more surprising that one sponsor is the FWPCA, the agency charged with cleaning up the nation's water.

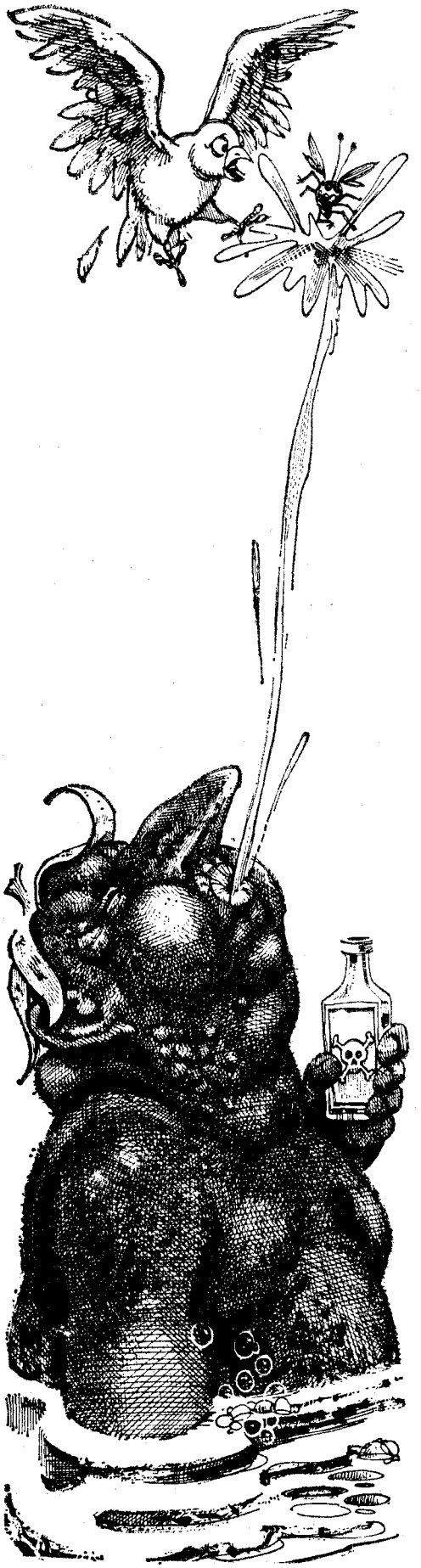
In 1965 Congress passed the Water Quality Act giving the federal government power to enforce a cleanup of the nation's waters. The following year, it took note of the need for a vastly expanded program of research in the Water Restoration Act. The FWPCA has apparently decided that the laws stop at our feet, since it is still promoting "properly planned and implemented" underground dumping. It is obviously unfamiliar with the conclusions of many thoughtful studies: Dumping—any dumping—is no solution to pollution.

Testifying before the Daddario Subcommittee on Environmental Quality in 1968, Dr. William T. Pecora, director of the U.S. Geological Survey, said: "No one is properly prepared to recharge water or liquid wastes into complex underground systems with certainty of the results that such an operation may yield. . . . Hopefully, the time is approaching when large quantities of polluted material cannot be dumped into the ground without considerable thought being given to the consequences."

In a report to the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, the Task Force on Environmental Health pointedly omitted mention of any dumping schemes as possible solutions to pollution. The Task Force concluded: "What is possible is to find ways to eliminate contamination at its source. Or, next best, to capture a pollutant and use it in a non-harmful way; or, finally, to bring the level of pollution down to a point compatible with the requirements of human health and welfare."

Nevertheless, in a series of government publications

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Peterson, Vancouver Sun (Canada)

issued since 1965, Dr. Don L. Warner of the FWPCA has advocated disposal wells. David Bird, writing in *The New York Times* (September 1), quoted Warner as defending the proper use of deep wells: "But the volume should be so small that the effect on the surface should not be observable."

One wonders what Warner means by "small volume." In a 1967 FWPCA publication, he described the well I have already mentioned as spewing 150,000 gallons of waste a day into Lake Erie. According to Warner, Hammermill Paper Co., owner of the well, was injecting "spent sulfite pulping liquor containing fibers, fiber fragments, paper filler materials such as clay, titanium oxide, and lignin-like compounds in a colloidal and semi-colloidal particle-size range" into the well at a rate of more than half a million gallons a day. When the *Times* reporter asked about the blowout, Warner replied, "This was an engineering failure you don't expect routinely. We learn from these failures." Don't we just!

Once millions—or billions—of gallons of poisonous wastes are pumped underground, no one can promise that they will stay put. The pollution experts say that one check is to watch the pressure at which the waste is being pumped underground. If a well suddenly starts accepting more waste, while pump pressures remain the same, one should suspect that underground rock formations have ruptured and that fluid is escaping from the disposal zone. Another check: Carefully monitor the fresh water wells in the area for any sign of contamination! We are not told what to do once we discover that a city's water supply has been poisoned. One possibility would be to keep pumping and abandon the city. These "checks" illustrate the point-of-no-return hazard of disposal wells: when something goes wrong underground, it is impossible to retrieve the poisons that have broken loose.

This brings up another question: What legal recourse does a landowner have when someone pumps poisonous waste beneath his property and causes contamination, or even earthquakes? The laws are a bit hazy, but in general he must prove that he is being damaged —and by whom.

In Ponca City, Okla., springs of refined motor-oil flow after heavy rains. Authorities do not know the source, though they suspect a leaking pipe line. Meanwhile home owners whose basements are flooded by the oil have no one to sue.

In Denver, Jesse Powers was able to prove that the Army was responsible for contaminating his well. But what if there had been a dozen disposal wells in the area? It would have been impossible to pinpoint the source, especially since the offending 2,4-D was not dumped. Powers' neighbor, whose irrigating well flowed high octane gasoline, was less fortunate. He sued a major oil company that had gasoline storage tanks nearby, and lost his case.

It is bad enough when oil, gas or salt water from some unknown source is erupting from the ground. A few years from now it may be poisonous chemical and radioactive waste. But not if Stan Spisiak of Buffalo, N.Y., has anything to say about it. Mr. Spisiak is chairman of the Water Resources Committee of the New York State

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Conservation Council. He and his committee are leading the battle against disposal wells in New York.

Hooker Chemical Corp. of Niagara Falls, N.Y., has just been granted a permit to pump 288,000 gallons of hydrochloric acid, carbolic acid and "organic traces" into a 3,000-foot well. A similar permit has been granted to Bethlehem Steel Corp. Applications for other disposal wells to be distilled by FMC Corporation and the Nuclear Fuel Services Corp., have been filed with the New York State Health Department.

Spisiak describes a 1953 incident in which cyanide appeared in the Buffalo water supply. It was finally traced to a disposal well "blowout" in the nearby Sturgeon Point area. He tells of another mishap in East Aurora, N.Y. There they found a spring of whey water a mile from a cheese factory that was pumping it underground. I asked Spisiak what should be done to stop the pollution of the earth. He replied that it would be a giant step forward if we could just get state and federal agencies to obey and enforce the laws already on the books.

. .

At Spisiak's invitation, I attended the New York State Conservation Council's 36th annual convention at Lake Placid. New York's Governor Rockefeller addressed the council. He described the state's conservation problems. People: Ten years ago 28 million people visited the state parks; last year 44 million people descended upon them. Power: New York will demand twice as much electric power in 1980 as it does today. Pollution: There must be *some* pollution if we are going to give everybody the things they need. Then the Governor told a joke. He quoted Pogo, the comic-strip hero: "We have met the enemy—and they are us." Later I asked Stan Spisiak if he agreed with Pogo and the Governor. "Absolutely not. The enemy is *them*—the government agencies that will not enforce the laws!"

He told me of taking to state agencies documented proof that specific industries were polluting the rivers. He showed them photographs of open ditches carrying filth into the Buffalo River. "They simply will not enforce the anti-pollution laws," Spisiak said. "This 'damn the public' attitude is illustrated by the present dispute over disposal wells in New York State. The law says that public hearings must be held on the applications for disposal wells. Hearings are not being held. Yet, permits to drill the wells are being granted by state agencies."

At the federal level Spisiak describes the activities of the Army's Corps of Engineers, one of the worst polluters of dying Lake Erie. The corps dredges the filth from individual harbors—and dumps 6 million cubic yards of it out in the open lake every year so that *all* the water can be contaminated.

My own experience confirms Stan Spisiak's charges. In Denver, the Army first dumped its waste into the ponds which poisoned the well water beneath the farmland. Then it dumped into a disposal well—which triggered thousands of earthquakes. Finally, it changed its procedures at the arsenal plants so that disposal is no longer necessary. If the Army had been willing at the beginning to clean up the contamination at its source, taxpayers would have been saved millions of dollars for damages to crops and real estate by pollution, another $1.5 million for the cost of the disposal well—and Denver would still be an earthquake-free city.

The right way to fight pollution is to decide that waste must be re-used when possible; or that production methods must be revised so that disposal is unnecessary. In the Department of the Interior publication, "Man—An Endangered Species?" there appears this statement: "We can no longer afford a one-way ticket for our junk. Utility and beauty both demand a round trip." The automobile must not stop at the junkyard—it must complete the trip back to the steel mill. And harmful waste must not leave the factory.

CO-OPS ON CAMPUS

THE MILITANT CONSUMERS

BARBARA W. NEWELL
Mrs. Newell is acting vice president of the University of Michigan.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

A public accustomed to the opposition of the student community to war, imperialism and the military-industrial complex may have been surprised by the recent jailing of 105 University of Michigan students who engaged in a sit-in to support their demand for a store which would sell basic school supplies, including textbooks, at cost. The wide press coverage given to the anti-war aspects of student unrest has obscured the development of a student consumer movement which may turn out to be more enduring than the significant but ephemeral protests waged against the policy of the United States in Vietnam.

The students of the sixties have been subjecting their social environment to intense scrutiny. The whole thrust of the civil rights marches and the movements for academic reform, as well as the anti-war efforts, have been challenges to an environment that has permitted racial inequality, the injustices of war, and the continuation of tradition-ridden academic procedures.

In recent months students have turned to what they view as unfair and exorbitant profit taking by local merchants. In the recent inflationary years, educational costs have mounted even more rapidly than has the general price level. Consequently college youth is vividly aware of price trends in room rents, books, meals and student supplies. The convergence of this personal price squeeze consciousness with the rise of student political

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

action has produced in the last year a dramatic growth of the student consumer movement. Since students at the University of Michigan have been leaders in this respect, I have been close to their activities in this field, but it is evident from the national press that the paths that Michigan students have broken are already being followed by other student groups.

The most dramatic expression of this new consumer consciousness is the rent strike to effect changes in both the price and the quality of local housing. University of Michigan students have accused local landlords in the courts of conspiring to maintain monopolistic prices. They have successfully sued for rent reductions in a number of cases where owners have not adhered to local housing codes. Student pressure has been brought both on the university and on the community for stricter housing inspection. The tactic of placing rents in escrow until corrective negotiations are concluded appears to have slowed the pace of rent increases in the Ann Arbor community. After six months of activity, one landlord and the student tenants union have begun their first formal negotiations.

The initial success of the student strategy at Michigan has registered at other institutions, and students at the University of Massachusetts, the University of Wisconsin and the University of California have this fall begun to employ similar tactics. The body of experts in the techniques of rent strike and effective negotiation that is now forming recalls the movement toward collective bargaining in labor law thirty years ago.

While the rent strike is the most dramatic device of the new student consumerism, it by no means exhausts the program. Committees now active on campus combine the investigating functions of a consumers' union with the demand for business honesty of a better business bureau and the social attributes of the nonprofit consumer cooperatives. In the last year, the University of Michigan student government has conducted a detailed price survey on personal and school supplies, rousing thereby sufficient consumer consciousness to mobilize the picketing of a popular local establishment because of unfair prices. A more lasting achievement is a store for basic student supplies, sold at cost. This enterprise started on $5,000 and has grossed $90,000 in six months.

The widespread support of this store intensified the student push for a student-faculty operated nonprofit bookstore. At that point the surrounding business community became alarmed, but despite its resistance the bookstore is now being organized.

Recognizing the support available for student-run enterprises, the University of Michigan students this year established the first entirely student-run credit union in the country. Six weeks after its formal opening, the president of the university and the president of the Student Government Council became the union's one thousandth and one thousand and first members. Consideration is now being given to student cooperative grocery, appliance and general merchandise stores.

The breadth and depth of this new area of student concern is directly linked to the fact that the large university is becoming more and more an institution of older students. Thus one-third of the current University of Michigan student population is married; 40 per cent of the enrollment is in graduate school. Increasingly, the leadership of the student consumer movement is being drawn from the older and more experienced militants who can unite the interests of both faculty and students. Students enter this new type of campus crusade for several reasons. For some, it is a way to save money and secure a better quality of goods and services. Others, concerned with the problems of the poor, see the consumer movement as the basis for an alliance for action. The New Left students look on it as an expedient to animate community responsiveness, so that an increasing percentage of those on campus will break with traditional practices.

Whatever the ultimate objective, this newly emerging campus coalition may pose a far greater long-run threat to the Establishment than slogans of "socialism now" or of opposition to the war in Vietnam. In all academic communities, traditionally, the relationship between town and gown has at best been uneasy. The growing challenge to the local bookstores, real estate agents, landladies and druggists is far more likely to touch a sensitive nerve than are anti-war demonstrations. Disillusionment with the military has become widespread in business as well as academic groups, but on most university boards of trustees are men chosen because of their close identification with business institutions and their experience in the conduct of businesses. They are not apt to applaud the emergence of a militant consumer movement, for their own careers have conditioned them to look with dismay at movements aimed to commit a university or its student body to competition with existing profit-seeking businesses, or which seek to disturb the right of individual contract in the market place.

Yet as long as inflation presses in on the students, the consumer movement will grow and take ever more significant forms. For a great many years the cooperative movement has ebbed and flowed on college campuses. Today it has become a new way to give shape and substance to the democratic process, while students gain from it a new understanding of the fields of housing, student supplies and credit unions. If there is any precedent for this revitalized effort, it is that of Scandinavia where such services have for some time been supplied on a cooperative basis. Nonprofit enterprises for selling and lending may appear unglamorous to the outsider but for today's students they are a highly constructive activity. Who knows, they may even continue their concerns after graduation.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Because of postal regulations, *The Nation*'s mailing list must be arranged according to Zip Codes. Therefore—with *any* correspondence about address changes, renewals, etc.—please enclose the address label from your *Nation*. If you don't have a label, be sure to include your Zip number, and *be sure it is correct*. Without it, we cannot find your name plate.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS

A Passage to India

AMBASSADOR'S JOURNAL: A Personal Account of the Kennedy Years. *By John Kenneth Galbraith. Houghton Mifflin Co. 656 pp. $10.*

JOSEPH LELYVELD
Mr. Lelyveld has served as correspondent for The New York Times *in India and Pakistan. He now reports from New York.*

"I should have preferred arriving, as did the Viceroys, from the sea at the Gateway of India in Bombay and a triumphal train passage to New Delhi, but one must make do with the twentieth century." This first jotting from India of John F. Kennedy's most extraordinary proconsul is as revealing, finally, as it is amusing. For, although Galbraith never does get around to confiding to his diary and its eventual readers why it was he wanted to go to India in the first place, it's plain that he is not going to be satisfied with merely manning an outpost for the State Department. He takes it for granted that he will be a shaper of events, that the subcontinent's encounter with him will prove to be a noteworthy diplomatic engagement.

In less than a week after his arrival, he has already resolved to build not only a swimming pool for official Americans in New Delhi but also India's first atomic power plant and a public-sector steel mill, a schedule of construction worthy of the Moghuls. Before another week has passed, his first luncheon with the Nehru family inspires him to gloat: "We have obviously been taken into the fold in a most agreeable manner." ("Agreeable"—a properly viceregal term of approbation if ever there was one—is his favorite adjective, sometimes appearing on every other page.) His influence will reflect his own prestige and that of the government he represents in roughly equal measures. Beyond any doubt, it means something to be the American ambassador—one especially who regards himself as "a member of the Administration," as he "brutally" informs a nominal State Department superior—just as it means something to be a well-published professor. But that has to do with credentials and he will not stand on formalities.

Thus he is quick to inaugurate a direct correspondence with the young President that is as often witty as (unavoidably perhaps) at least a trifle unctuous. He is quick also to inform Jawaharlal Nehru that he is an amateur diplomat, provoking Nehru, inevitably, to describe himself as an amateur Prime Minister. ("We then chatted about our respective books," he continues, "and Cambridge University in our respective days there.") Two of the world's most urbane and literate statesmen, then, are to be linked by an envoy who is their match in both respects. Diplomacy, it appears, is like a dinner party: if the company is good, it will be a success.

But Nehru disappoints Kennedy; and India, one soon senses, disappoints Galbraith. It is hard to say which happens first, but the turning point appears to come when Nehru visits Washington in November 1961. The visit is the occasion for Galbraith's fourth trip out of India and third homecoming to Washington in only seven months. (These regular excursions away from his post, which eventually become a matter of embarrassment, have an irresistible gustatory appeal. "Rarely have I felt such bliss," he writes after a dinner in Rome. Back in New Delhi a few weeks later he comments: "Nothing repels me so much on returning to India as the food.")

Galbraith calls the first day of the Indian leader's talks with Kennedy "the most interesting day in my memory." The interest would appear to consist wholly in his own proximity to the fulcrum of power, for the encounter between the two leaders becomes, by the lights of Kennedy and Galbraith, a minor social fiasco. Nehru insists on behaving like a distracted head of government from a poor, problem-ridden land who's performing a diplomatic chore in a country on which he is unhappily dependent for economic support. He is unresponsive to the challenges of Free World leadership as seen from the New Frontier and "rather negative" when asked how to solve Kennedy's perplexing Vietnamese problem. Perhaps he thinks he has enough difficulties of his own. In any case, the President doesn't find him inspiring and conversation wanes on Air Force One, which carries the party from Newport to Washington. Kennedy scans official papers, Jackie reads Malraux, Indira flips through *Vogue* and Jawaharlal Nehru peruses the New York *Daily News.*

A few days later Nehru departs for Disneyland and Galbraith stays behind in Washington where he attends a White House party at which everyone has "that fine glow that comes from being 'in.'" India is never to have that glow again during the Kennedy administration, even when the President's wife makes her well-heralded tour of its monuments. And the Ambassador soon becomes restless. Only a year after his arrival we find him asking the President how much longer his "exile" will last. It isn't hard to guess at the sources of his restlessness, for Delhi society is, indeed, unrelievedly tedious, and India at the end of the Nehru era could not help but be "less exciting," as Galbraith finally notes, than it was when he first saw it. But *Ambassador's Journal* does make us guess, for in this book (prodigiously, the fifth that has its origins in his two years as a diplomat) Galbraith is surprisingly uninteresting and even uncommunicative on subjects of some importance to his experiences—India and Indians.

In part, this is deliberate, for he believes it would be a violation of his trust as an ambassador for him to be indiscreet now about Indians he met. Thus we are told that Krishna Menon—whom all Americans and many Indians belabored in those days as a matter of patriotic duty—has been spared a terrible skewering in these pages. But Galbraith has little memorable to say about Indians he admires, including Nehru. He also doesn't burden his journal with reflections on problems of economic development (rather, nondevelopment); only enough to show he isn't taken in by the "breakthrough" and "takeoff point" metaphors that have afflicted so much official discourse. Overpopulation, malnutrition, modernization and cultural loss, social change and turmoil—these are the real issues in India, as an economist and social critic of Galbraith's stature must be fully aware. Yet his mind seems otherwise occupied.

His descriptions of the Indian land and environment—as he tours the country in fulfillment of an ambassador's duty to make copy for the local press—are, at best, minimally engaging. He writes stiffly of visits to romantic places like Bhutan and Sikkim, which takes some doing. Excessive discretion and preoccupation with himself are to blame. But then the diary is intended mainly to be an account of himself as a political activist—"A Personal Account of the Kennedy Years," as its subtitle puts it, rather than of his own time in India.

The strained perspective of exile is, therefore, its greatest weakness. Had Galbraith gotten the wish he tentatively broached to the President and been ap-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pointed to Kennedy's old Senate seat, rather than the New Delhi chancellery, we might have had an essential piece of literature. But for the most part *Ambassador's Journal* comes alive only when Galbraith gets a respite from his Delhi duties.

His repeated salvos at the State Department and Dean Rusk (whose reputation did not survive long enough to be blasted by the publication of this diary) are always on the mark. Rusk, he says, is "a traditionalist" who "thinks that because foreign policy was bad under Truman and bad under Eisenhower, it should be at least mediocre under Kennedy." On Vietnam he is wise and prescient to an uncanny degree, though generally overoptimistic about the prospects that the President or McNamara will heed his advice. A visit to Saigon leaves "a horrible taste" and he warns Kennedy: "Politics is not the art of the possible. It consists in choosing between the disastrous and the unpalatable. I wonder if those who talk about a ten-year war really know what they are saying in terms of American attitudes." Eight years later the question can still be asked: Do they know yet?

The most absorbing section of the diary deals with the Sino-Indian border conflict in the autumn of 1962. Here, at last, Galbraith is where the action is. (Though not at first, for word of the outbreak of hostilities reaches him in London.) To appreciate his performance one has only to imagine what might have happened had the gentleman who was in charge at the American Embassy in Santo Domingo in 1965 been in charge in New Delhi three years earlier. Instead of reading the Chinese advance over the Himalayas as one stupendous refutation of nonalignment and vindication of SEATO, Galbraith grows concerned about the danger of having to sustain "a new, large and extremely expensive ally." In a letter to Kennedy, he remarks: "The Indians are busy worrying about the end of nonalignment. It is we that should be doing the worrying on this."

The diplomatic problem is hopelessly tangled: the United States can't assist India without offending Pakistan, an ally by treaty. Galbraith tactfully presses Nehru to make overtures to the Pakistanis that might help ease this embarrassment. But after a further debacle in the mountains he finds the Indians "pleading for military association" and "yearning for the sight of American uniforms."

It is only when the Chinese call off their advance—to universal astonishment—that Galbraith's "steadying and tranquilizing influence," on which he justly congratulates himself, shows signs of wavering. He proposes what he calls "a semi-military pact" for India's air defense and urges the importance of a Kashmir settlement in order to draw Pakistan into the defense of the subcontinent from the Communist hordes. (Kennedy names the pact GATO, Galbraith's All-Purpose Treaty Organization.) "This is a time of change and we should take it by the ears," Galbraith declares grandiosely, sounding like the "crypto-Talleyrands" in the State Department he despises. It isn't hard to imagine General Westmoreland setting down a similar sentiment in his diary after requesting an additional 200,000 troops for Vietnam in the wake of the Tet offensive.

"It is remarkable," the Professor writes, "how hard-nosed one becomes on China. I used always to take a relatively tolerant view. A few more months and I will be as warlike as anyone." Finally he becomes so taken with the cause of arms for the Indians that he sends a telegram to the Joint Chiefs of Staff fantasying that "if the Chinese should come back and drive the Indian Government to the Andaman Islands, we would then undoubtedly see India as a bastion of the free world and finance it heavily."

This still sounds comical because Galbraith's project was never taken very seriously in Washington. India was just too big a domino. But if Nehru had made a stronger impression on Kennedy a year earlier, or if Galbraith had managed to be more charitable to Rusk, who knows what we might have done in the Himalayas? Galbraith bemoans the "anonymity" of American assistance to India. That is why he wanted to build his steel mill (which the Russians are now building and regretting) and why GATO must have appealed to him. But something should be said for anonymity—if only we still had it in Vietnam.

LIMIT

We have done what we can
for each other:
one abrupt flesh broken
like light upon another.

BETTY ADCOCK

Fortune Cookie

COUNTERBLAST. *By Marshall McLuhan. Designed by Harley Parker. Harcourt, Brace & World. 144 pp. $6.50.*

DENNIS DUFFY
Mr. Duffy teaches English at the University of Toronto. He is the author of Marshall McLuhan *(Toronto: McClelland & Stewart).*

Anyone attempting to follow the career of McLuhan can find in *Counterblast* an instance of either courage or numbness. Unfazed by the trenchant and thoughtful criticism his theories have received, unwilling to re-examine anything written since *The Mechanical Bride* (his first, best book, which he forswore years ago), he serenely continues to publish his collections of nuggetry, his oracular *bijouterie*.

Bantam put one out, so did Harper, so did McGraw-Hill; it is now Harcourt's turn.

But it could be that the market is shrinking for these costly fortune cookies. The audience that bought *The Medium Is the Massage* and *War and Peace in the Global Village* may have been sufficiently bombarded to balk at buying yet another "book of revelations," to employ the jacket blurb's blasphemy. Connoisseurs of McLuhanisms—instant solutions to ageless problems—will find that they've heard some of these one-liners before and may even conclude that the oracle's utterances don't always add up to a great deal after deciphering.

For example, what does it mean to talk of the "x-ray quality of TV (the inner-trippiness)"? Is TV-watching any more introspective a pastime than movie-watching, bird-watching or masturbation? And what is so inner-trippy about an X-ray? Does anyone really think an X-ray shows the way we look inside? What about X-ray photography as an equivalent to psychoanalysis ("psychology without walls")? Who is more fuzzed-out by that sort of facile comparison—Roentgen, Freud or the reader?

Counterblast, especially when compared with its model, Wyndham Lewis' *Blast* (1914), has little that is revolutionary in it. (How can you describe as revolutionary the message of an era's most invoked thinker?) Still, it illustrates in a more essential form than elsewhere the difficulty with McLuhanism: its determinist stance toward the technological change it analyzes.

The McLuhan apologia, repeated throughout his work, is essentially Freudian, resting upon the assurance that "where id was, there ego shall be." Only by bringing into consciousness the extent and quality of the effects of media change will we be enabled to make the best of what is happening to us. If this is not a flabby determinism, what is it? Unless

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he is willing to believe that media shifts do not always and inevitably alter both the content of the medium and the perceptions of its audience, a belief which goes against the grain of his system, then McLuhan has to see his efforts as attempts to mitigate the effects of the determinism in play around him.

Media change inevitably produces change in the environment—this is McLuhan's argument. The choice? Either to stop it altogether (impossible in today's world) or to prepare for its dislocations. The argument is determinist in that it posits a certain order of inevitability, though that inevitability doesn't extend to every possible effect of media change. But in a world as shaky as today's, even a limited determinism is far from comforting in view of the shock our social and political systems have sustained from the new media. Yet *Counterblast* has done the trick and made inevitability cuddly.

A figure as concerned as McLuhan with piloting through the currents of the present might be expected to comment upon the destruction of the nonhuman environment, and so he does. In his typically detached manner, he curses space technology and all it represents: "Blast Sputnik for enclosing terrestrial nature in a man-made environment that transfers the evolutionary process from biology to technology." There are surely more feeling comments one could make about the destruction of life on this planet, but McLuhan's works have always been notable for their impersonality, their ability to screen or block feelings through the use of jargon and word play. Given the context, the "blast" is strong indeed!

Compare with this, however, some sentences at the book's conclusion:

> When we put satellites around the planet, Darwinian Nature ended. The earth became an art form subject to the same programing as media networks and their environments. The entire evolutionary process shifted, at the moment of Sputnik, from biology to technology. Evolution became not an involuntary response of organisms to new conditions but a part of the consensus of human consciousness.

Quite a change has come over the thought, with an outraged earth changing from a monument to human folly to a found object in a Pop painting. Here we have in its starkest form that belief in technology which has brought the West to its present condition. The earth will become a gilded ark through technological planning. Running nature through a power grid will humanize the planet. There is nothing new in this; Whitman said it in "Passage to India" and our corporate and academic planners proclaim it in each succeeding chart of the year 2000. The view that technological change, whatever its short-term effects, can always be programmed into doing good on a long-term basis is seductive. McLuhan's talk of art forms allays the fears of his audience that the machines may have gotten out of hand.

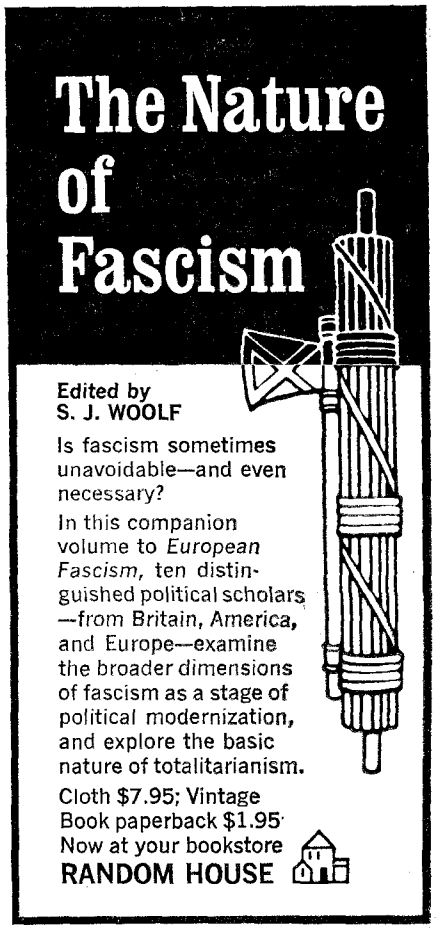
Now we know the reply to anyone speculating about the implications of McLuhan's doctrines as I am: "McLuhan isn't approving all this, silly, but merely describing it. Your messy little moralisms serve only to block perception." This counterblast ignores the most salient feature of the analysis-of-the-present-as-future game as it is played today: the deck is stacked. There can be no such thing as an objective look at the present. The predication of "major trends" and "ongoing developments" reveals the analyst's biases at least as much as it spotlights the concerns of an age. E. M. Forster captured the dilemma of the self-fulfilling prophecy when he wrote in *Howards End* that every newspaper headline screaming "War with Germany Inevitable" made such a conflict that much more likely. Thus McLuhan's message that, essentially, technological change is drawing us closer despite the side effect of destroying every institution we have conceived of, is anything but coldly descriptive, anything but value-free.

Getting down to cases, what assurance have we, beyond blind technetronic faith, that technology and the technological mentality can get us out of the mess they have gotten us into? For example, how much do we know of the long-range effects of even the *anti*-pollutants we are beginning to put in our waters? How irrevocable is the damage done by the DDT habit we are attempting to kick? Does understanding one's predicament always lead to getting out of it?

The questions remain long after the Teilhard de Chardinesque invocation of "the consensus of human consciousness" has been hymned. Human experience in these matters tends to predict that that consciousness has a penchant for comfy, quickie solutions and prophetic salesmen. For a salesman of the continuation of present trends is what McLuhan has become for his audience, however unwillingly he may see himself in this role, however great his private doubts about the future.

The salesmanship lies in the supposedly objective analysis which assures the powerful in our society that their actions are progressive and groovy. Thus we are told that electronic media have decentralized power within and made obsolete the hierarchical structure of our great corporations. Even if true, and there is at least a chance that electronic sophistication permits closer surveillance, the important thing is that improvements in communications media have extended greater power to those in charge of them and that the multi-national corporation, however much room it may have for eccentricity in dress, constitutes the central thrust of American imperialism, which is doing just about anything but loosening its power over people's lives.

For the audience in the schools, academies and media slabs there is balm in Gilead. How comforting to the purchased intellects of the universities, their every work and research pattern revolving about the needs and grants of the corporate structure, to bask in the thought that "the ivory tower becomes the control tower of human navigation." Heady stuff indeed to a middle-management level of society that fantasizes itself—*à la* Galbraith's *New Industrial State*—as a managerial elite because it has demonstrated great skill in preserving a system most profitable to those who own it. Hard narcotic for a culture choking on its artifacts and helpless before the emergence of a million buried angers to be told that the environment is an art form and that we are now in the second phase of the original creation. Well, I think we can find better scriptures for the new age than we have here.


The Nature of Fascism
Edited by S. J. WOOLF
Is fascism sometimes unavoidable—and even necessary?
In this companion volume to European Fascism, ten distinguished political scholars—from Britain, America, and Europe—examine the broader dimensions of fascism as a stage of political modernization, and explore the basic nature of totalitarianism.
Cloth $7.95; Vintage Book paperback $1.95
Now at your bookstore
RANDOM HOUSE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Apples and Applesauce

PRICKSONGS & DESCANTS. *By Robert Coover. E. P. Dutton & Co. 225 pp. $5.95.*

FORTY WHACKS. *By Fanny Howe. Houghton Mifflin Co. 195 pp. $4.95.*

SHAUN O'CONNELL
Mr. O'Connell teaches English at the University of Massachusetts.

A few years ago, when I was teaching sections of freshman composition at Harvard, I often got into long, beery discussions with my colleagues about writing. Many of us felt that we should offer assignments which *engaged* our students, topics which got them into and helped get them through their lives and times, topics resulting in essays which cohered around some issue or other, essays which *meant* something to them and their readers. But there were others who would have nothing to do with this utilitarian conception of prose. One guy—intense, cape-bedecked, brilliant—harangued me for hours one afternoon about his private prose passion.

Writing, he said, wasn't *about* anything but itself. Asking a student to write on his responses to radical politics, say, was as bad as asking him to recount his significant summer experiences. We should really be getting him to shape his prose as a *pure* experience of form and structure. The ideal assignment, from my friend's view, would be a description of an apple! That way the writer could really show his stuff: describe a neutral object for its own sake, without connotations or implications, see what kind of a writer he is without being judged on his messy views or values, mold into a private symmetry remote from the hang-ups of his real life, a shimmering product of undefiled imagination.

Perhaps he was on the cutting edge of the new. Certainly a body of literature has sprung up among us lately—by Barth, Barthelme, Sontag, Gass and their avatar, Nabokov—which reads like the collected papers submitted to my eccentric friend's classes. The latest apple from this tree to drop on our heads is Robert Coover's *Pricksongs & Descants*, a collection of "fictions"—see Borges' orphic, cryptic *ficciones*—which, in Coover's mid-book prologue explanation, are designed to use "the fabulous to probe beyond the phenomenological, beyond appearances, beyond randomly perceived events, beyond mere history."

Coover doesn't care what his characters feel about radical politics, not even what they did last summer; he is concerned with them only as types which put readers on, onto "new modes of perception and fictional forms." To that end he reconstructs fairy tales—"The Ginger-Bread House," "Jack and the Beanstalk" and "Little Red Riding Hood"—and Bible tales: Joseph and Mary, Noah's flood. All this is done to blow our minds out of their ruts of conventional responses to traditional formulations, demonstrate to our satisfaction that "anything can happen," in art if not in life.

In his best stories Coover cleverly constructs patterns to contain that thesis. In "The Elevator" seemingly infinite human possibilities are held in the little room of a self-service elevator which "contains them all: space, time, cause, motion, magnitude, class." In fifteen short sequences—some develop earlier actions, others deny them—we learn that the central character either has an uneventful ride or plunges to his death, fights or doesn't fight an office bully, has or doesn't have a girl on the floor of the elevator while it plunges or doesn't plunge.

It's a technique which calls attention to its own artifice, like watching film rushes of the same scene shot several times. However, it is not so original a technique that it requires pretentious prologue explanations from Coover. After all, they do much the same thing every week on *Laugh-In*: create a pattern of disconnected but recurrent *bits* (the Egyptian mummy, the mountain-top guru) which complement and contradict one another in a mindless rapid fire. Coover's demonstration of the theme that "anything can happen" is clever here, but no more original than the theme itself.

Still, even bad ideas and limiting techniques can yield worthy results if they are applied with skill. In his best story, "The Babysitter," Coover shows his stuff. Here the "anything can happen" conception has more plausibility—we are not boxed in a literary symbol (coffin?, orgone box?) as we were in "The Elevator"—and more human dimension. The Tuckers' baby sitter has an uneventful evening. Or, she is raped by two boy friends in either the bathtub or the living room. Or, Mr. Tucker comes home, discovers her with her boy friends, either excuses himself or kicks them out and has her himself. Or, one or another of the children dies. Meanwhile, in a lovely comic topper to all this, at the party they attend, Mrs. Tucker gets stuck half out of her girdle; a party game develops: buttering her and stuffing her fat back in. But others pull the other way and Mrs. Tucker falls apart. This is a narrative *jeu d'esprit* which overrides Coover's questionable aesthetic and thematic motives.

However, all this doesn't seem to me to have much to do with anything, won't help us get through our lives and times. We are not asked to be concerned with resolutions in his characters' lives, but with resolutions in his techniques. Coover has written fine fiction before—*The Origin of the Brunists* and *The Universal Baseball Association*—fiction which deals with people who create their own fictions (religion, baseball), then live and die in them. But these novels were located in the world, not in the anti-worlds of *Pricksongs & Descants* where, if anything can happen, anything and nothing happens and it all doesn't matter much anyway.

Things matter very much to her characters, her readers and herself in Fanny Howe's collection of stories, *Forty Whacks*. Girls are hung-up and strung-out in a variety of artfully apprehended ways. Though Fanny Howe unlike Coover makes so little of her technique, seems really just to be telling straight stories about anxious girls, that doesn't necessarily mean that her technique is neither apt nor original. Her technique, in fact, is more than sufficient to her ends; it is in the service of perceptions about the ways we create and destroy not only fictions but one another.

Two of her stories are related from the perspectives of half-mad, rationalizing narrators. They are as tightly told as Browning's dramatic monologues. The girl in "Forty Whacks," though not fully clear to herself, is worming her way in between two of her friends, breaking up their marriage so she can have the husband (whom, of course, she no longer wants after she gets him). She keeps a careful journal, a record of her self-delusions, in which she sets down her mad rationalizations for doing things (like sleeping in her friends' bed when they are away)—(1), (2)—as though careful, numerical ordering of her motives justified her actions. In "The Other Side of Lethe" a woman explains to us—precisely and delicately, as though she were arranging flowers—how she murdered David, her lover, and was finally released from prison for insanity. Though she doesn't mind having killed, she is quite concerned with maintaining decorum in her discourse. ("David would die if he saw me now. But please excuse that vulgarity.")

Fanny Howe creates characters with angular collages of details which catch personality. ("Lizabeth controlling the car as if it were a motorcycle and required her shifting weight from side to side. She wore white-rimmed sunglasses, her nails were talons. The floor of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

car was littered with beer cans.") She neatly interconnects her stories with motifs of symbols (sea gull), actions (whacks) and dialogue so that we have more than just a collection of stories, as in Joyce's *Dubliners*, fragments of a little world circumscribed in art.

"Dump Gull" is her longest and best story. A lovely, funny, not so comic epic of a girl of feeling, Astrid, who moves from her mother's shaping of her into the world of men. First Patrick, a shoe salesman who kisses her instep while selling her shoes, quits his job and goes off to marry her. Later, separated from Patrick, engaged to Julian, she frees herself from her mother at her rich fiancé's engagement party by placing a wax apple in her supinely drunken mother's mouth as the woman lies stretched out on the floor beside the dinner table. (In the context of the story, this wax apple is as real as an apple could be!)

Astrid promises to divorce Patrick and marry her fiancé, Julian. However, he, though decent enough, misuses language. So in a perfectly dramatic and alogically sound move, she turns away from him in the middle of her divorce proceedings, turns again to Patrick who, though crazy, used to comfort her by saying "Be loving, Puss." This may not be a rational or self-serving move for Astrid, but that's the way a sea gull over a dump survives, extracts "the sweet piece from the whole mess."

Pricksongs & Descants convinces me that there was much in what my old teaching colleague used to say; there is delight in prose which cleverly contains emptiness. But *Forty Whacks* convinces me that I wasn't wrong in preferring purposeful prose; there is painful truth in Fanny Howe's artful apprehension of people caught in one another and the dilemmas of living.

Reflections of a Pragmatist

OPERATIONAL THINKING FOR SURVIVAL. *By Lawrence Dennis. Ralph Myles, publisher. Colorado Springs, Colo. 234 pp. $5.95.*

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

Mr. Schuman is currently professor of political science, Portland State University, Oregon. He is the author of, among other books, International Politics, *now in its seventh edition (McGraw-Hill).*

Lawrence Dennis was for many years a friend and neighbor of mine in the Berkshire Hills of western Massachusetts. We seldom agreed about anything. I engaged him in public debate in many forums in the 1930s. He was then, as I often said, the "only intelligent American isolationist." I was an "interventionist," not in the sense of advocating recourse to force but arguing that unless the United States, Britain and France took effective steps by way of diplomatic, economic and financial pressures to "deter" and "contain" (to use terms of a later vocabulary) the mad ambitions of the then rulers of Germany, Italy and Japan, the only result would be another world war.

Lawrence disagreed. He contended that American national interests would best be served by a policy of nonparticipation in wars to come. In retrospect, I am bound to confess, in view of the sad results of U.S. "interventionism" all over the globe, that a policy of abstention would probably have contributed more to the welfare, health and survival of the human race than the course which Washington policy makers did in fact pursue since 1945—or since 1917.

By way of further identification, Lawrence Dennis (whom older readers of *The Nation* will recall, but younger readers will not) had a distinguished career in the Foreign Service in Romania and Central America; resigned in protest at U.S. policies; worked in Wall Street, and wrote *Is Capitalism Doomed?: The Coming American Fascism* (1935: a book not of advocacy but of analysis and prediction, premature for the 1930s but not perhaps for the 1970s); *The Dynamics of War and Revolution*; and *A Trial on Trial*, a detailed commentary on the absurd "sedition trial" of 1944. In recent years he has published a stimulating weekly, *The Appeal to Reason*.

Dennis' latest book is worthy of careful attention by all American policy makers and opinion makers, along with all citizens concerned with the tragic pass to which we have been reduced by the follies of our rulers. He warns against reliance (to borrow a phrase from George Kennan) on "legalistic-moralistic abstractions," and urges a pragmatic approach to foreign policy in terms of "what works" and what does not work. Thus:

> Two points about war in the nuclear age call for operational rather than moralistic, legalistic, or normative thinking about the challenges faced. In the first place, war in the 20th century has become incalculably bigger and deadlier

IN SESSION

CONGRESS v. THE SUPREME COURT
Raoul Berger, J.D., L.L.M.
Article III of the Constitution states: "The Supreme Court shall have appellate jurisdiction . . . with such exceptions as the Congress shall make." In a pioneer study to find the purpose of this provision, Mr. Berger re-examines whether the power of "judicial review" is a "usurpation" or something granted by the Constitution. Every legal mind will be fascinated by his meticulous sifting of the historical sources which lead to his important conclusion. $15.00

THE EVOLUTION OF A JUDICIAL PHILOSOPHY
Selected Opinions and Papers of Justice John M. Harlan
David L. Shapiro, Editor
This rich selection of judicial opinions, addresses, and extrajudicial writings by one of our truly remarkable justices provides a vivid and complete portrait of the man. Able, learned, perceptive, Justice Harlan delivered nearly 500 opinions during his first fourteen years on the Court. He possesses a comprehensive and consistent view of constitutional legal principles, and has developed a judicial philosophy that is influenced by those he most respects — among them Justices Cardozo, Jackson, and Frankfurter – but which readers will find is very much his own. Sponsored by The William Nelson Cromwell Foundation. $6.95

THE SUPREME COURT AND THE USES OF HISTORY
Charles A. Miller
The uses to which the Supreme Court puts history in deciding and explaining cases in constitutional law must be viewed and evaluated, contends Mr. Miller, in light of the Court's important political role in the American system of government, as well as in light of the complete social, cultural, political, and legal context of each particular case. To this end, he presents five chapters of pertinent case histories. *Belknap Press* $6.95

THE WARREN COURT
Constitutional Decision as an Instrument of Reform
Archibald Cox
"A coherent package . . . the analysis is superb . . . a must for anyone who hopes to speak thoughtfully about the Court's work."—*Washington Post* $4.95

A circular regarding other Harvard books on law is available at your request.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
Cambridge, Mass. 02138

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than it ever was before. It now costs somewhat more than $50,000 to kill a man; in Napoleon's time it cost only $3,000 and in Caesar's day only 75c. War has become bigger in costs and deadlier in consequences. . . . In the second place, war in the middle of the 20th century is serving purposes or performing social functions such as maintaining full employment with continuous economic expansion, which wars of the past were not started, fought or kept up to serve or to perform. . . .

He recalls, with justifiable pride, that he wrote two articles in *The Nation* of March 15 and 22, 1933, in which he argued that devaluation of the dollar would not cure the Great Depression, which (he correctly predicted) would be ameliorated only by military spending and by postwar spending for future wars. Here is much other wisdom on inflation, "defense," and the irrationality of current American priorities.

War and preparation for more war, argues Dennis (soundly, I believe), has become a means toward larger corporation profits, higher wages, and escape from the dilemmas of a mature capitalist economy. "For long run, big, overall purposes, the United States at the end of the nineteen sixties is following in the footsteps of the Fuehrer Hitler." If this sounds Marxist, be it noted that Dennis is and has consistently been an anti-Marxist. Modern war also means "socialism" in the sense of public control of private enterprise and governmental domination of the market (Dennis gives details, facts and figures).

The debacle to which this condition of affairs can lead is deemed probable by Dennis, but not inevitable. It can be averted by a greater measure of realism and rationality. We have behind us a history, this century, of ghastly miscalculations, here recounted in part. Dennis' two appendices are not encouraging. One is a list of "The Wars of England, France and the United States Since 1775." The other, "Is the 'New Economics' A Success or a Failure?," concludes that the Keynesians have done much better than apostles of the old economics, but that their effectiveness depends upon operational, rather than dialectical, thought and action.

A chapter entitled "Semantic Awareness an Essential for Survival" surveys the literature of the problem, beginning quite rightly with *Alice in Wonderland*. Dennis notes that in the natural sciences, including medicine, words have precise and uniform meanings, whereas in politics, law, ethics, religion and the social sciences this is not the case—e.g., "isolation" and "appeasement." There is no viable solution to the semantic problem.

Americans, duly brainwashed with legalism and moralism, are natural believers in monodiabolism. And nothing can more surely or more speedily land a country in a world war or keep it in a state of perpetual war than this monistic cult about evil, sin, or wrongdoing. It is good municipal law. But it is not good world power politics, good international law, good diplomacy and foreign relations or good statesmanship. The only monism about evil that makes sense is one that postulates the total depravity of man or that we have all sinned. And just as any monism about evil is likely if not certain to be fallacious, so too is any monism about good, right or justice. Those terms have meaning and validity only in an operational frame of reference. As plain absolutes or abstractions in no operational frame of reference, they are almost meaningless when subjected to realistic analysis.

Lawrence Dennis is no preacher of panaceas. His concern is not *what* to think, but *how* to think, about the challenges of the space age. I do not know, nor does Dennis claim to know, whether sadly misnamed Homo sapiens is likely to survive his own irrationalities and brutalities. Prospects of survival will be enhanced if large numbers of people ponder this challenging book.

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

In one of his occasional writings Jean Cocteau cites a Chinese proverb: "Genius creates hospitals." Whenever a towering personality appears, a host of lesser men become warped in imitation of the greater one.

Jerzy Grotowski is a genius, but I shudder to think how many misbegotten "Grotowskis" his Polish Laboratory Theatre will spawn. Peter Brook, being a highly gifted craftsman, knew how to popularize certain aspects of Grotowski's art in his production of *Marat/Sade*. Other such adaptations—most of them inept—are already in use and more are sure to follow. To be influenced by a master is natural, but for the most part the result is dilettantism or disaster.

The reason for all such unfortunate developments is that the superficial characteristics of the original model are mistaken for their meaning and value. The artist's inner history, his basic sources, the social and emotional circumstances of his growth, are very rarely operative in his disciples. Thus a new "manner" is contrived, a fashion sold by the insensitive to the ignorant.

I am sure that Grotowski's methods of training, chiefly designed as preparation for his productions, may prove stimulating and constructive for student actors and other professionals, but they do not constitute the essence of his art. For its better understanding one must turn from the theories and formal techniques (a collection of Grotowski's writings and speeches is called *Toward a Poor Theatre*) to the works themselves. Three of Grotowski's productions (none of them more than an hour long) were staged at the Washington Square Methodist Church in New York from October 16 to November 26, for limited audiences: 100 at most; in one case, only forty.

The first of these was based on a Grotowski scenario which he made from a romantically baroque adaptation of Calderón's *The Constant Prince*. The second was *Acropolis*, no more than an extract from a play by the 19th-century Polish dramatist Wyspianski; the locale and stress were entirely altered. *Apocalypsis cum Figuris*, the third production, was "evolved by its performers under the guidance of the director by means of acting exercises and sketches." The spoken text was culled from brief passages of the Bible, *The Brothers Karamazov*, one of T. S. Eliot's poems, and from something by Simone Weil.

Grotowski is all paroxysm. Thus his is the most contemporary of all theatres, for it can no longer be denied that we live in a time of cataclysm. Our very entertainments mask the face of agony. In the internal and outer upheaval, forms disintegrate, language decays, communication is conducted in jerks. Electric circuses serve as temples. Flesh is macerated. What is left of the soul goes into hiding or cries out in howls in which the difference between mirth and sorrow can hardly be distinguished. Even the gayest expressions contain the infernal.

These tendencies were already discernible in the expressionist theatre after World War I. But at that time there was an element of journalism and propaganda (especially in Germany) in the outcries of horror. With the end of World War II—in the work of Beckett, Pinter, Genet and others—an element of private anguish became apparent, of withdrawal into secret chambers of consciousness where mainly grotesque (sometimes muted) signs of agony were displayed as if more overt declarations were somehow indecently sentimental.

As we ordinarily understand the terms, story or plot does not exist in Grotowski's plays. There is only a design of fantastically contorted bodies and symbol-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ically violent relationships hardly congruous with realistically purposive action. The figures move in space which with one exception (*Acropolis*) does not resemble any identifiable environment. We are in a fearsomely imagined Gehenna where laws of time, gravity and natural logic have been suspended.

Grotowski's theatre (I speak of it as a unit because he does not consider himself to be its sole creator) is distinct from its predecessors in the vein of modern martyrdom. The tone and inspiration of his theatre derive from the extermination camp. His productions bring us into the realm of the Last Judgment. *Acropolis* takes place on the labor threshold of mass extinction. The figures are last seen descending into a hole beneath the floor and when they have disappeared under its stovelike cover there flows back a final murmur, "Now we die."

Acropolis may not be the "best" of Grotowski's productions, but it is the most representative. Here the prisoners re-enact moments of the mythical past —Hebrew and Greek—distorting them by the use of the props at hand—metal pipes, rags—so that a wedding ceremony is made hideous and the cohabitation of Paris and Helen is performed by two men. The lines spoken at incredible speed are not dialogue; they are tortured exclamations projected in the direction of another being, but with no shape as personal address. (It has been said that a knowledge of Polish does not make the lines readily intelligible, but it is evident in *Apocalypsis cum Figuris* that they are not meant to be taken as are the lines of an ordinary play; solemn and poetic passages are delivered in a mode which brutally contradicts and virtually obliterates their initial intent.)

In *Acropolis* the executioners and their victims become nearly identical: they are kin. The rhythm of the meaningless tasks assigned them is set by one of the prisoners who plays a violin while their labors are accented by the drumlike tread of their rough boots. This vision has nothing in common with the factual exposé of the Nazi crimes in Peter Weiss's *The Investigation*. There is no redemption here and except for the closing moment —the march to the holocaust—very little pathos.

What we have seen is the tragic farce of civilization's values utterly despoiled. The prisoners themselves have been reduced to savage blasphemy. They are no longer individuals but the debris of humanity. If pity and terror are evoked in the spectator, if his moral sensibility is affected, it is through a kind of impersonal revulsion, from which he recovers as if from an anxiety dream he remembers as something intolerably spectral. One cannot normally sustain or assimilate such experiences.

Still, there is nothing chaotic in the spectacle. The names of Breughel, Bosch, Grünewald are frequently invoked for purposes of comparison; but that is misleading, for there was a sumptuousness in those artists. Grotowski's stage, architecture, costuming are bare. Everything has been stripped to the bone. (It is in this regard that his is a "poor theatre.") The structure of the playing area changes with each new play, so that the spectators are always in a different relation to the actors. Sometimes they look down as into an enclosed pit, sometimes they surround the action at stage level, sometimes they are ranged in a tierlike elevation slightly above. The actors are always very close, but they never move into or mingle with the audience.

Much has been made by various commentators of the company's extraordinary technical achievements in the use of voice and body. They are certainly striking and display training, prowess and command of a most remarkable sort. The voices unfalteringly emit sounds which remind one of the strange leaps of the twelve-tone system, with startling crescendos followed by crushed whisperings that do not resemble ordinary speech. They convey an other-worldly sphere *in extremis*. The lament of the constant prince (the play itself might be called the slaughter of innocence) is so desperate and prolonged as to exceed the bounds of human grief. We have arrived at the point of doomsday.

Yet all this has been given precise form. The exercises of Grotowski are intended to make the actor surmount his supposed breaking point, to stretch him vocally and bodily so that he can hold nothing back; to remove his restraints, those "blocks" imposed by his usual social comportment. He is wracked so that he becomes nothing but his id and thus releases what he primally is. Whether he actually succeeds in this, or whether it is altogether desirable that he do so, is another matter which I have no desire to question or capacity to determine at this juncture. One may say that in this respect the outstanding actor is Rizzard Crislak as the constant prince and as the "simpleton" in the *Apocalypsis*.

To understand Grotowski's form and content as a single process one must consider certain other elements which have gone into its creation. Grotowski is an intensely cultivated theatre artist. He has absorbed Stanislavsky's lessons in regard to acting; he has responded to the impulse in Artaud; he has learned from Meyerhold's precepts on movement, and has felt the impact of the apocalyptic artists already mentioned. In addition and not unlike Brecht, he seeks to establish a certain space between the spectator and the spectacle so that for all their ferocity his plays may be appreciated contemplatively.

Grotowski's art is imbued with strains from Catholic and other litanies and rituals. In *Acropolis*, especially, one hears echoes of Roman and Jewish services, as well as Slavic melodies. It is inescapable that while Grotowski is not a "believer," his is a ritualistic, indeed a religious art. (He has said that he wished his productions to be received in strict silence.) He seeks purification and salvation through their opposites, a return to the humane through the inhuman. We are to be redeemed through hellfire.

Goethe has said that no man can thoroughly capture the meaning of an art form who fails in some knowledge of the land and people of the art's provenance. Grotowski is a citizen of that Poland which was razed and decimated through the Nazi invasion and by the concentration camps which were its concomitants. Born in 1933 he is the witness and heir—as are most of his actors—of his country's devastation. The

Gift cards sent on request, orders filled immediately

ROSE GRAUBART:
PORTRAITS OF POETS

Drawings of Ginsberg, Snyder, Bly, Schwerner, Ignatow, and nineteen others . . . . . .

$3, postpaid
Tennessee Poetry Press, Box 196, Martin, 38237

The Best Way To Get
THE NATION

THE NATION 12-8-69
333 Sixth Ave., New York 10014

☐ **One Year, $10**
☐ **Two Years, $18**
☐ **6 Months, $6**

☐ **Bill Me** ☐ **Payment Enclosed**
(Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign)

Name .....
Address .....
City .....
State ..... Zip No. .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPONSORS

Jeremiah Stamler, M.D. Legal Aid Fund

(Partial List)

JAMES LUTHER ADAMS, D.D.
Harvard Divinity School
E.H. AHRENS, JR., M.D.
The Rockefeller University
NELSON ALGREN
Chicago
EDWARD ANDERS
University of Chicago
BROOKS ATKINSON
Durham, New York
GEORGE BAEHR, MD
Mt. Sinai Hospital, New York
A. CLIFFORD BARGER, M.D.
Harvard Medical School
LEONA BAUMGARTNER, M.D.
Boston
RODNEY BEARD, M.D.
Stanford University
HERBERT BIBERMAN
New York
ROBERT BIERSTEDT
New York University
HERBERT BLAU
Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center
KONRAD BLOCH
Harvard University
HARRY BOBER
New York University
CLAUDE BROWN
Newark, New Jersey
ALLAN M. BUTLER, M.D
Emeritus, Harvard University
WILLIAM ALLINGTON BUTLER
Yale Law School
ALEXANDER CALDER
Roxbury, Connecticut
MSGR. DANIEL M. CANTWELL
Chicago
RUDOLF CARNAP, Ph.D.
University of California at Los Angeles
HAYDEN CARRUTH
Vermont
FR. W. VAN ETTEN CASEY, S.J
Holy Cross College
EDWARD S. CASTLE, Ph.D.
Harvard University
BENJAMIN CASTLEMAN, M.D.
Harvard Medical School
DAVID F. CAVER, LL.B.
Harvard Law School
SIDNEY COBB, M D.
University of Michigan
PROF. ROBERT C. COBURN
University of Chicago
PROF. ROBERT H. COLE
Berkeley
BARRY COMMONER, Ph.D.
Washington University
E. U. CONDON
University of Colorado
CHARLES D. COOK, M.D.
Yale University School of Medicine
MARTIN CORBIN
The Catholic Worker
LEWIS A. COSER
Brandeis University
LEONARD S. COTTRELL, JR
Russell Sage Foundation
DAVID W. CUGELL, M.D.
Northwestern University
WILLIAM DAMESHEK, M.D.
Tufts University School of Medicine
OSSIE DAVIS
New York
W. P. DEARING, M.D.
Group Health Association
New York
JAMES DIXON, M.D.
President, Antioch College
ALBERT DORFMAN, M D.
University of Chicago
WILLIAM HUSE DUNHAM, JR. Ph.D.
Yale University
L. C. DUNN
Columbia University
FREEMAN DYSON
Institute for Advanced Study
JOHN T. EDSALL, M.D.
Harvard University
RABBI DAVID MAX EICHHORN
National Jewish Welfare Board
MARTHA M. ELIOT, M.D.
Cambridge
PHILIP EVERGOOD
Connecticut
STEFAN S. FAJANS, M.D.
University of Michigan
JULES FEIFFER
New York
JOHN HENRY FAULK
New York
W H. FERRY
Santa Barbara, California
JOHN HOPE FRANKLIN, Ph.D.
University of Chicago
ERICH FROMM, Ph.D.
New York University
ARTHUR W. GALSTON
Yale University
PETER GAY
Columbia University
DEAN ROBERT P. GILBERT, M.D.
Jefferson Medical College
ALLEN GINSBERG
New York
RABBI ROLAND B. GITTELSOHN
Boston
HARRY GOLDEN
Charlotte, North Carolina
LEON GOLUB
New York
MARTHA GRAHAM
New York
ALAN F. GUTTMACHER M.D.
Planned Parenthood
MARVIN HARRIS
Columbia University
WILLIAM B. HARVEY
University of Michigan Law School
PHILIP M. HAUSER, Ph.D.
University of Chicago
ROBERT HAVIGHURST
University of Chicago
HAROLD HAYDON
University of Chicago
MICHAEL HEIDELBERGER, Ph D.
Emeritus, Columbia University
PROF. CLEMENT L. HENSHAW
Colgate University
NAT HENTOFF
New York
JULES HIRSCH, M D.
The Rockefeller University
HUDSON HOAGLAND, Ph.D., Sc.D.
Worcester Foundation for Experimental Biology
ERIC HODGINS
New York
HALSTED R. HOLMAN, M D.
Stanford University
IRVING HOROWITZ
Rutgers University
EVERETT C. HUGHES, Ph.D.
Cambridge
H. STUART HUGHES
Harvard University
PROF. ALEX INKELES
Harvard University
H. MERRILL JACKSON
National Council of Churches
JOHN B. JOHNSON, M.D.
Howard University
HARRY KALVEN, JR., LL.B.
University of Chicago
EDWARD, KASS, M.D.
Harvard Medical School
STANLEY KAUFFMANN
New York
WALTER KAUFMANN, Ph.D.
Princeton University
EDWARD C. KENDALL, Ph.D.
Princeton
ANCEL KEYS, Ph D.
University of Minnesota
OTTO KLINEBERG, Ph.D., M.D.
HERMAN KOGAN
Chicago
KATHERINE KUH
Saturday Review
DR. WESTON LaBARRE
Duke University
WILLIS E. LAMB, JR.
Yale University
LOUIS LASAGNA, M.D.
Johns Hopkins University
PAUL F. LAZARSFELD, Ph.D.
Columbia University
SIDNEY S. LEE, M.D.
Beth Israel Hospital, Boston
ALEXANDER H. LEIGHTON
Harvard School of Public Health
LOUIS LEITER, M D.
Montefiore Medical Center
RACHMIEL LEVINE, M.D.
New York Medical College
THEODOR LIDZ
Yale University
DR. ROBERT J. LIFTON
Yale University
BERNARD LOWN, M D.
Harvard School of Public Health
BRIAN MacMAHON, M.D.
Harvard School of Public Health
BERNARD MALAMUD
Cambridge
KIRTLEY F. MATHER
Harvard University
ARTHUR MATTUCK
Massachusetts Institute of Technology
MACLYN McCARTY, M.D.
The Rockefeller University
W. W. McCRORY, M.D
Cornell University Medical Center
PETER . McEWAN, Ph.D.
Editor, Social Science and Medicine
PAUL MEIER
University of Chicago
GARDNER MURPHY, Ph.D.
Menninger Foundation
OGDEN NASH
New Hampshire
DR. OTTO NATHAN
New York
NATHANIEL L. NATHANSON, LL.B.
Northwestern University
THEODORE M. NEWCOMB, Ph.D.
University of Michigan
WILLIAM L. NUTE, JR. M.D.
National Council of Churches
JEAN R. OLIVER, M.D.
Emeritus, New York State University School of Medicine
TALCOTT PARSONS
Harvard University
DR. LINUS PAULING
Santa Barbara, California
RICHARD M. PETERS, M.D.
CONRAD L. PIRANI, M.D.
Michael Reese Hospital
HANS POPPER, M.D.
New York
HORTENSE POWDERMAKER
Queens College
C. HERMAN PRITCHETT
University of California
Santa Barbara
EUGENE RABINOWITCH, Ph.D.
University of Illinois
RICHARD D. REMINGTON, Ph.D.
Houston, Texas
YOSAL ROGAT
Stanford University School of Law
ALFRED S. ROMER, Ph.D.
Harvard Unversity
PROF. A KIMBALL ROMNEY
Harvard University
DR. VICTOR H. ROSEN
Past President
MRS. THEODORE ROSENTHAL
New York
PETER H. ROSSI
Johns Hopkins University
HARRY RUBIN, D.V.M.
University of California, Berkeley
ROBERT RYAN
New York
CARL SAGAN, Ph.D.
Harvard University
MARIO G. SALVADORI
Columbia University
DR. HOWARD SCHOMER
National Council of Churches
PETER SEEGER
Beacon, New York
JOHN R. SEELEY
Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions
BENJAMIN SEGAL, M.D.
New York
WILLIAM SILEN, M.D.
Harvard Medical School
GEORGE E. SIMPSON
Oberlin College
S. J. SINGER, Ph.D.
LaJolla, California
DAVID D. SMITH, M.D.
Duke University
RAPHAEL SOYER
New York
LEO SROLE
Columbia University
SAM STANDARD, M.D.
New York University
WENDELL M. STANLEY
University of California
EUGENE A. STEAD, JR., M.D.
Duke Hospital
H. BURR STEINBACH, Ph.D.
University of Chicago
GARDNER H. STERN, JR.
Chicago
JOSEPH STOKES III, M.D.
GENE H. STOLLERMAN, M.D.
Memphis
SOMERS H. STURGIS, M.D.
Harvard Medical School
SOL TAX, Ph.D.
University of Chicago
HAROLD TAYLOR
New York
STUDS TERKEL
Chicago
DR. ETHEL TOBACH
American Museum of Natural History
ANTONY TONEY
New York
DAVID B. TRUMAN
Mt. Holyoke College
DALTON TRUMBO
Los Angeles
MELVIN M TUMIN
Princeton University
LOUIS UNTERMEYER
Connecticut
HAROLD C. UREY, Ph.D
La Jolla
MARK VAN DOREN
Connecticut
MAURICE B. VISSCHER, Ph.D., M D.
University of Minnesota
MYRON W. WEGMAN, M.D.
Ann Arbor, Michigan
E. RICHARD WEINERMAN, M.D.
Yale University
JACOB J. WEINSTEIN
Past President, Central Conference of American Rabbis
KERR L. WHITE, M.D.
Baltimore
WILLIAM FOOTE WHYTE
Cornell University
RICHARD WILBUR
Connecticut
WILLIAM B. WILLCOX
University of Michigan
EDWARD L. YOUNG, M.D
Brookline

Institutions listed for identification only.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A LANDMARK DECISION

The House Committee on Un-American Activities has been challenged many times in its 30-year history.

A new challenge was begun in 1965 . . . and this time, things have gone differently.

> . . . The intended *victims* of HUAC took the initiative to bring the *Committee* to trial . . Dr. Jeremiah Stamler, renowned heart researcher, and his assistant, Mrs. Yolanda Hall, filed civil suit to test the constitutionality of HUAC . . . both its charter and its practices over the years.
>
> . . . For four years and through three appeals, HUAC resorted to every possible legal stratagem to avoid this judicial review. They pressed contempt of Congress charges against Dr. Stamler and Mrs. Hall. They even tried a name change to help improve their image.

But, on August 5, 1969, The U.S. Court of Appeals in Chicago, in a landmark decision, *unanimously ruled that this civil suit must be heard.* The court postponed the criminal contempt trial and ordered that, at long last, the *Committee* would have to stand trial, stating:

> ". . . The judiciary has always borne the basic responsibility for protecting individuals against unconstitutional invasions of their rights by all branches of the Government. The Congress has no more right, whether through legislation or investigations conducted under an overbroad enabling Act, to abridge the First Amendment freedoms of the people, than do the other branches of government . . . we hold that the civil litigation should proceed to the long-delayed trial on the merits."

The Committee, through its government attorneys, in one more attempt to stave off the trial, is appealing this decision to the Supreme Court. But sooner or later, this Committee *will* have to face its past.

YOU CAN HELP MAKE IT SOONER . . .

Thousands of dollars have been spent these past four years to pursue this challenge. And thousands of citizens have given both financial and moral support. You now have a chance to share their effort.

Your generous support is needed NOW . . . in a fight we can *win!*

JEREMIAH STAMLER, M.D. LEGAL AID FUND

PAUL DUDLEY WHITE, M.D.	ROBERT W. WISSLER, M.D.	THEODORE J. LOWI, Ph.D.
Chairman	Treasurer	Secretary

NAME . . . . . .

ADDRESS . . . . . .

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

Send contributions to: Jeremiah Stamler, M.D. Legal Aid Fund
Faculty Exchange Box 36
University of Chicago, 60637

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mark of that carnage is on their work. It is an abstract monument to the spiritual consequences of that horrendous event.

And that is why most productions done à la Grotowski must be largely fraudulent. His theatre has roots in a specific native experience. It is organic with a lived tradition which was shattered and defamed by unimaginable iniquity and boundless shame. Where an art lacks the foundation of corresponding realities it is ornament, entertainment or mere pretense.

Countless times I have been asked apropos of these performances of the Polish Laboratory Theatre (in existence since 1959 and still engaged "in research") whether or not I *liked* them. My answer: It doesn't matter whether any of us "likes" them. This troupe is what I have repeatedly called true *theatre*. It may always remain a theatre for the few (I do not refer to snobs), even a cult. Its "message" is well-nigh intolerable and its fanaticism forbidding. But its dedication to its vision of life and art is unparalleled in any theatre of our day.

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

Plastics used as plastics, rather than in disguise as other materials, are fine for jewelry, utensils, clothes and furniture, but for art there are difficulties. It is no longer a question of whether in principle the new synthetic materials are compatible with fine art; after forty years or so of use there can be no doubt about that. Nonetheless the exhibition at the Jewish Museum, called "The Plastic Presence," is a flop and the reasons are worth attention. First the credits: the show was arranged by Tracy Atkinson and John Lloyd Taylor of the Milwaukee Art Center. After New York, the exhibition will go there and then on to the San Francisco Museum of Art. The show is sponsored by Philip Morris, Inc., and a couple of affiliates. To quote the president of the company: "The artists in this exhibition, with their vision, have shaped a large variety of plastic materials in the medium of fine art. Just so, has Milprint [one of the affiliates], in diverse and experimental ways utilized plastic materials in the field of commercial art." Seldom has the big second-floor gallery of the Jewish Museum looked so terrible.

The first phase of the use of plastics in art, in the 1920s, was linked with the sculptural method of construction, the addition and joining of separate bits and pieces. (This third working method had recently been added to the traditional procedures of carving and modeling.) The combination of a new material, like celluloid or bakelite, and a constructive technique (like engineering, it was thought at the time) conferred a symbolic value on the works. They were regarded as prototypes of what the age demanded; a truly technological style of art.

At the core of the constructivist phase of plastic art, however, was an unsatisfied desire, expressed in a poem by Lazlo Moholy Nagy of 1917: "Space, time, material—are they one with Light?" In 1920, in their Realistic Manifesto, Naum Gabo and Antoine Pevsner, picked up this topic. They rejected color in art when it was only "the idealized optical face of objects, the external and superficial expression of them." The impulse to handle color or light by equating it with the structure of sculpture, rather than by symbolizing light or by textural play, as earlier artists had done, was hampered by the materials available. Probably it was not until the mid-40s, when Moholy Nagy used *molded* plexiglass for sculpture, that light and form could be said to be joined, as light and glass are a unified visual object.

When Moholy Nagy molded plexiglass art entered a second phase in the use of plastics, a period of sophistication and diversification, as is clear from the present plethoric show. In his introduction, Tracy Atkinson gives an interesting profile of plastics, a bit more technical than most texts on the subject intended for an art audience, which I hope will have the effect of conferring greater precision on future art criticism. He points out also, and fatally, that he has excluded "synthetic resin painting materials" from his exhibition because "they simply do not have the plastic 'presence' to anywhere near the same degree as sculpture in the new medium." Thus he bars the one area in which plastics have incontestably contributed to the achievement of art in a way that is both desirable and technically unique. (Benefits include: color intensity, liquidity and drying speed.) The physiognomy of the paintings of Frank Stella (Castelli) and Helen Frankenthaler (André Emmerich), in their different ways, are inconceivable without plastics and they do not look in the least like oil paint. Plastic paints have made the kind of difference to Abstract painting that the introduction of new dyes into pigment made to 19th-century painting. The English Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood at mid-century and the Impressionists in the 1870s had at their disposal a range of colors without precedent in the history of art. It was a case in which a technical resource had, after use, a far-reaching stylistic consequence; and plastic paints have done hardly less.

Atkinson and Lloyd are no strangers to plastics; the Milwaukee Art Center has an excellent and early founded collection of light art. However, the fact that many of the light works are made of plastic is not what is interesting about them. (The presence of the artist counts for more than the presence of a material.) Once the decision was made to leave out the best things that "the new medium" has made possible, what follows is, inevitably, this show. The dream of Moholy Nagy for a material/light equation has been realized in a profusion of gaudy and ostentatious objects. Most of the artists have an infatuated preoccupation with visual effects. Their tricks, whether gross or neat, of reflection, refraction and transparency enable them to use light as a medium, and so what? The results are ponderously voluptuous or flashily ornate.

The show is an agglomeration of banal effects with a minimum of content. (By content I meant that property, that knot of symbols, in a work of art, that is continuous with the formal display but not identical with it.) Hence these objects are exhausted by our attention: the act of looking is all there is to do. They are crystal balls with only one view or they are television screens when the set is off and the traffic outside is making lyrical lights on the tube. Most of the object-oriented sculptures partake of these faults, but some of the spreading or environmental pieces (Eva Hesse, Les Levine—though his modular piece was shown with too small a sample—and Richard van Buren's scatter of tattered wisps of fiberglas) escape from the prevailing Bronx-Murano aesthetic.

LOOKING INTO MY GRANDDAUGHTER'S EYES

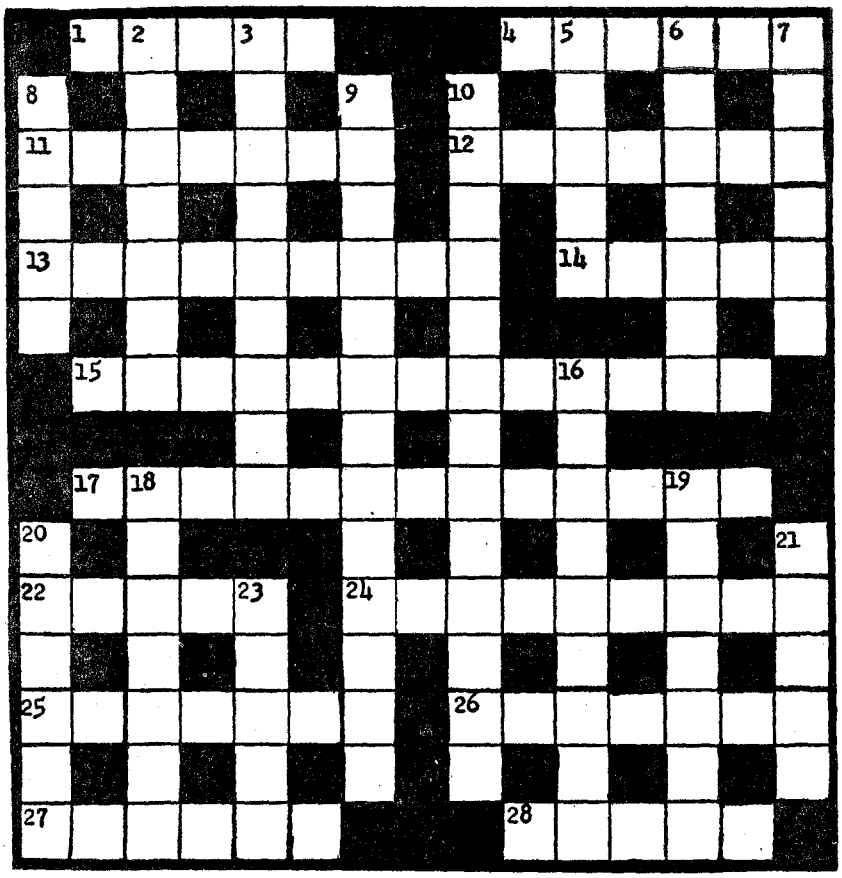
o for a world with a string and a kitten
and the gentle muzzle of the fawn
and colts who trot
and scamper everywhichway
and Tipsy who loves us so much
he pees
and you and I

CARL RAKOSI

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 1324

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 A wooden support directly opposite the middle? (5)
4 Like a blanket with a hole in it, letting in no drop, but putting out no chop. (6)
11 Ruined towns in England should remember this name. (7)
12 It sounds like a vacation trip comes in addition. (7)
13 Impatient drillers might get a real flower. (9)
14 Referring to the beginning, however, offer opposing proof. (5)
15 Looking for those that might slice? The woods would be an appropriate place to find them. (7,6)
17 An answer to how the tightrope-walker does it? It should be in your favor! (6,7)
22 By the sound of it, drinks a couple of times around in error. (5)
24 They just go to show how far we've gone in transportation! (9)
25 And this might keep you going. (7)
26 Hunter of what might be considered a two-eyed sort of shark? (7)
27 They could improve your 17. (6)
28 The part of the mistletoe used in making carpets? (5)

DOWN

2 A nice fillet, and especially in a lover. (7)
3 Sounds as though it implied a relative take-out assigned to an earlier time. (9)
5 Happen to suggest itself? (5)
6 Disappear piecemeal. (7)
7 Attacks with stones, possibly. (6)
8 It might be on a line covered with water. (5)
9 You might translate it into near-Latin, but it's much more world-wide. (13)
10 Put on the nose-bag, as a stout trencherman might! (3,4,1,5)
16 They might be mirages, i.e., likenesses of things. (9)
18 Note from 14 a sort of 22 formally withdraws. (7)
19 What might help the actor dance, possibly giving one a good break. (3,4)
20 A palm's distilled liquid is medically important. (6)
21 A spicy, but incomplete garnish. (5)
23 Some people might be put out if you do. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1323

ACROSS: 1 Surprise; 5 Abates; 9 Ratafia; 10 Durango; 11 Brigand; 12 Nesting; 13 Generation gap; 15 Spring showers; 21 Rio Muni; 22 Accrual; 23 Thin out; 24 Impaled; 26 Begrudge. DOWN: 1 Scribe; 2 Ratting; 3 Refrain; 4 Standard shift; 6 and 25 Burns to a crisp; 7 Tensing; 8 Stopgaps; 10 Denationalize; 14 Tsaritza; 16 Roomier; 17 Neurons; 18 Escaper; 19 Sculled; 20 Sludge.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis' "ground rules." Address Puzzle Department, *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014.

RECORDS

FREE 40 PAGE CATALOG offers hundreds of recordings of rare **Renaissance, Baroque and Classical music.** Some records priced as low as $1.00 each! All late recordings in stereo only. **MHS RECORDS, Box 932 NA, New York, N. Y. 10023.**

PUBLICATIONS

'THE PRESS AND THE BAY OF PIGS'

A detailed study by

Victor Bernstein and Jesse Gordon

The role played by *The Nation* in breaking the Bay of Pigs story to the American public, reprinted from the *Columbia University Forum.*

Single copies—15c; 25 copies at 10c each
Orders over 25 at 7c per copy

THE NATION
333 Sixth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10014

JUST OUT! The Third Book of the NATION'S BEST PUZZLES. Obtainable from **Frank W. Lewis, 119 Northway, Greenbelt, Md., 20770, $2. postpaid.** Special offer, all three books, 204 puzzles in all, $4 postpaid.

TRAVEL

JAPAN EXPO JET CHARTERS. $350 R. T. from Los Angeles. For complete details send $1.00 to: **AMERICAN TOURS, POB 1125, Pasadena, California 91102**

PERSONALS

MEXICAN IMPORTS
at warehouse prices
SPECTRUM IMPORTS, INC.
2121 Broadway (74-75) NYC
3rd floor; 362-8000
paper flowers, wrought iron, glassware, jewelry, huarache sandals, lanterns, tinware, hand-loomed ponchos, shawls, serapes, rugs, toys, pottery, etc.
Daily 10-7 Saturday 11-5

POSTERS (over 175, many anti-war), **BUTTONS** (over 225), **BUMPERSTICKERS, PEACE JEWELRY AND EARRINGS.** Wholesale and retail. Free catalogue. **A BIG-LITTLE STORE, 1077 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif. 94103.**

CARTOONS WANTED. Original drawings of Masses, New Masses, Liberator artists. Will purchase single drawings or complete collections. Send details to: **Box 182, Durham, Penna. 18039.**

SERVICES

MOVING? Professional moving at competitive rates. Anytime, anywhere. Licensed, insured, experienced. **THE COVERED WAGON, ALgonquin 5-1788 (N.Y.C.)**

Advertising Rates

Classified: 74c a line (6 words) 3 line min.
Classified Display: $7.42 per inch (min.)
THE NATION, 333 Sixth Ave., N.Y. 10014
242-8400

Printed by Milford Publishing Inc., Milford, Conn.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Looking for something out of this world to give for the holidays? Or next year, or further?

We have another idea to offer. Something that's hanging out for more. The gift of imagination from our pages. Just mail us the coupon below (before you clip it, tear it out and keep it for later, or tear it out and keep it for later, or tear it out and keep it for later, or